THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS, viz.

Lord Chancellor COWPER,
Biſhop HOADLY,
Lord Chief Baron GILBERT,
Mr. ADDISON,
Sir RICHARD STEELE,
Mr. POPE,
Mr. ROWE,
Mr. WILKS,
Dr. ISAAC WATTS, &c.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

To which are added,

Several PIECES by Mr. HUGHES, never before publiſhed, and the ORIGINAL PLAN of the SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THOMAS EWING.
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LETTERS,

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LETTER XCI.

Rev. Dr. SWIFT * to the Rev. Mr. WALLIS †.

SIR, Dublin, May 13, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the biſhop's ‡ circular incloſed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know any thing of it, and

* Dean of St. Patrick's, &c.

† Son of the dean of Derry, and Vicar of Athboy in the county of Meath. He died in 1746.

‡ Dr. Evans, tranſlated from the ſee of Bangor to that of Meath in 1715. In this dioceſe was the vicarage of Laracor, which Swift held with his deanery. Some diſſentions having ariſen between biſhop Evans and his clergy, Swift took part with the latter. At the firſt viſitation which he attended, hearing his dioceſan very ſevere in his animadverſions on a poor curate, for a matter of little or no importance, the dean ſtood up,

and hope you have not told any body what you did. I ſhould be glad enough to be at the viſitation, not out of any love to the buſineſs, or the perſon, but to do my part in preventing any miſchief. But in truth my health will not ſuffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may ſafely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the biſhop would not be diſſatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himſelf airs when he finds I am not there*. I now employ myſelf in getting you a companion to cure your ſpleen.

I am your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. S.

LETTER

up, and told his lordſhip, that "having once been witneſs of "ſuch improper unepiſcopal behaviour, he would never be "witneſs of it again, and therefore gave his lordſhip notice, "that if he had any fault to find with him, he muſt find it "then, as he was determined not to attend any other viſita-"tion."

* By a warm expoſtulatory letter from Swift to this Cambro-Hibernian prelate, dated July 5, 1721, (ſee "Swift's works," vol. xviii. p. 141.) it appears that his lordſhip "did give him-ſelf airs," by refuſing to admit this proxy at the viſitation, though he atteſted his principal's want of health, &c. he being then tormented with an ague. "At the ſame time," (Swift proceeds) "I muſt be plain to tell you, that if this accident "had not happened, I ſhould have uſed all endeavours to "avoid your viſitation, upon the public promiſe I made you "three years ago, and the motives which occaſioned it; be-"cauſe I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treat-"ment and appellations given to my brethren or myſelf, and, "by the grace of God, I am ſtill determined to abſent myſelf "on the like occaſions, as far as I can poſſibly be diſpenſed "with by any law, while your lordſhip is in that dioceſe, and "I a member of it."

LETTER XCII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 3, 1722.

YOU ſtole in and out of town without ſeeing either the ladies * *or* † me, which was very ungratefully done, conſidering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you ſo long. Why did you not call in a morning at the deanry? Beſides, we reckoned for certain that you came to ſtay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were ſo kind as to be at Laracor ‡, where I hope you planted ſomething; and I intend to be down after Chriſtmas, *where* ‖ you muſt continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the uſe I intend to make of Laracor. All I would deſire is, what I

 mention

* Mrs. Johnſon (or Stella) and Mrs. Dingley. Theſe ladies went to Ireland, by Swift's invitation, in 1701. The former was his concealed but undoubted wife, being married to him in the year 1710 by Dr. Aſhe, biſhop of Clogher, who had been his tutor. She died January 27, 1727-8, aged 44, "abſolutely "deſtroyed," as lord Orrery ſays, "by the peculiarity of her "fate."

† "And" in the original, no doubt by miſtake.

‡ The dean's vicarage-houſe there, where he intended to make ſeveral improvements, is now totally ruined, though one of his biographers ſays, "he left it a convenient and agreeable "retreat to his ſucceſſor, at a conſiderable expence."

‖ The dean, it may be ſuppoſed, rather meant "when."

mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I ſuppoſe your project would coſt me ten pounds and a conſtant gardener. Pray come to town and ſtay ſome time, and repay yourſelf ſome of your dinners. I wonder how a miſchief you came to miſs us. Why did you not ſet out a Monday, like a true country parſon? Beſide, you lay a load on us, in ſaying one chief end of your journey was to ſee us; but I ſuppoſe there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the cholic. Let us know whether you are more or leſs monkiſh, how long you found yourſelf better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to. The ladies aſſure you of their hearty ſervices, and I am, with great truth and ſincerity,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER XCIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, February 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy * before now, if an ugly depending chapter-buſineſs † had

* Mr. Wallis's living, near Laracor.

† Probably the diſpoſal of the curacy of St. Bridget's, Dublin, in which the dean eſpouſed the intereſt of Mr. Robert Grattan.

had not tied me here. There is a lay difficulty that concerns the government, the archbiſhop *, the chapter, the dean †, Dr. Howard ‡, and Robin Grattan §, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my deſign is to do a job for Robin Grattan, but the reſt have their different ſchemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myſelf about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten.—I beg you will ſtep there for a day or two, and *do* ‖ what is neceſſary now, before the ſeaſon is too late, and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready 'till then, for it is but juſt bottled) and we will be merry at your houſe and my cottage.

I SENT your memorial, drawn up by myſelf, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr.

 Kearney,

* Dr. King, then archbiſhop of Dublin.

† Dr. Swift himſelf.

‡ Afterwards Biſhop of Elphin.

§ Afterwards curate of St. Bridget's, prebendary of St. Audeon's, and one of the dean's ten executors. To this Mr. Grattan, (who was one of the ſeven ſons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hoſpitable clergyman) Swift whimſically bequeathed his "bottleſcrew, his ſecond beſt beaver, and his "ſtrong box, on condition of his giving the ſole uſe of the "ſaid box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, [a phyſician] "during the life of the ſaid doctor, who hath more occaſion "for it."

‖ The word in the original is illegible.

Kearney*, to recommend it to the primate †; I likewiſe deſired Mr. Morgan to ſecond it. I have in vain hitherto ſought Dr. Kearney, but ſhall find him ſoon: and I intend to engage Dr. Worth ‡ and Mr. Croſs §, and probably all may come to nothing—*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as uſually—Mrs. Johnſon eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew ‖ has drunk near three hogſheads ſince I came to town, and we muſt take up with new when I come down. I ſuppoſe you are in the midſt of ſpleen and juſtice. I have often an ill head, and am ſo fortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Pooley the painter is dead?

I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XCIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, April 8, 1727.

I AM juſt going for England ¶, and muſt deſire you to be my proxy at the biſhop's viſitation

* Treaſurer of Armagh.

† Dr. Lindſay.

‡ An eminent phyſician.

§ Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.

‖ Meaning, perhaps, his chapter.

¶ The dean being on a viſit to Mr. Pope in 1726, haſtened back

tion*. I find there is likewiſe a triennial viſitation, and think the encloſed † may ſerve for both, with your wiſe management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry for this ſummer ‡, you have their ſervice, and ſo has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live ſeven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry proctor, whom I have diſcharged. I believe I am worſe for him 600 l. and his brother is not much better. I wiſh you had been at my elbow to adviſe me, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come ſafe back, and then to have done with England §.

I am ever yours, &c.

J. S.

back to Ireland on receiving an account that Mrs. Johnſon was dangerouſly ill; and on her amendment, he returned back to England in 1727, to finiſh the "miſcellanies," in concert with Pope and Arbuthnot.

"Swift's letters to Sheridan, No. xx and xxiv."

* See letter XCI.

† A proxy from the dean, as vicar of Laracor.

‡ They had lodgings on Ormond-quay, on the other ſide of the river Liffy, and never reſided at the deanery but in the dean's abſence: when he returned, they removed, nor were Stella and he ever known to meet but in the preſence of a third perſon.

§ He had ſo; this being his laſt viſit. He returned to Ireland, on the news of Stella's laſt illneſs, in September following.

LETTER XCV.

Rev. Mr. PITT* to WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

SIR, Pimpern, July 6, 1728.

. . . . YOU desire me to recommend a tutor to your nephew. If he is designed for a gentleman commoner, I would recommend him to New-college, (for we take no commoners) and to Mr. Spence †, a fellow of the house, for his tutor. I need not enter upon his character, which is very well known; he has a more extensive character, than you insist upon in your letter ‡. I believe he is about my age; and he is the completest

* This amiable poet (who was educated at Winchester-school, and was afterwards fellow of New-college, Oxford,) was at this time rector of the parish from whence he dates, near Blandford in Dorsetshire, to which he was presented by his relation, George Pitt, esq; and which he held during the remainder of his life. His translations of the "Poetics of Vida," and the "Æneid of Virgil," have established his fame, and his "Imitations of Horace" have been thought, by many good judges, not inferior to Pope's. A volume of his "miscellaneous poems" was published in 1727. He died in 1748. On his tomb-stone were engraved these words:

"He lived innocent, and died beloved."

† The author of "Polymetis," &c. He died in 1768, being then professor of modern history at Oxford, and prebendary of Durham.

‡ Viz. "A man of letters, without pedantry, no bigot, "nor violently attached to any party, but of a catholic "spirit, and not unacquainted with natural philosophy and the "mathematics."

pleteſt ſcholar, either in ſolid or polite learning, for his years, that I ever knew. Beſides, he is the ſweeteſt-tempered gentleman breathing.

I AM mightily taken with your nephew's verſes, and would tranſlate them, if I thought I could do juſtice to them. Accept of theſe, though I am ſenſible, they do not hit off the true turn of the epigram:

FROM a ſmall acorn, ſee the oak ariſe,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the ſkies!
Queen of the groves, her ſtately head ſhe rears,
Her bulk increaſing with increaſing years!
Now moves in pomp, majeſtic, o'er the deep,
While in her womb Britannia's thunders ſleep;
With fame and conqueſt graces Albion's ſhore,
And guards the iſland, where ſhe grew before *.

 I hope,

* The original is as follows:

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

Exiguâ creſcit de glande altiſſima quercus;
Et tandem patulis ſurgit in aſtra comis;
Dumque anni pergunt, creſcit latiſſima moles
Mox ſecat æquoreas, bellica navis, aquas.
Angliacis hinc fama, ſalus hinc naſcitur oris,
Et glans eſt noſtri præſidium imperii.
LUDOVICUS DUNCOMBE, Hertfordienſis.

Some elegant Latin verſes, by the ſame hand, are prefixed to Mr. Hughes's "poems."

I hope, ſir, you will accept of this, as it is written extempore; I know the laſt couplet has ſomething of a turn, but not the ſame with the original. . . . .

Yours, &c.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

LETTER XCVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Market-hill *, Nov. 16, 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchaſe you mention; but it will not anſwer my deſign, becauſe theſe lands are let in leaſes renewable for ever †, and conſequently can never have the rent raiſed, which is mortal to all eſtates left for ever to a public uſe, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and moſt corporations feel the ſmart of it.

I have

* The ſeat of ſir Arthur Acheſon, where the dean paſſed two ſummers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by ſir Arthur, called afterwards Drapier's Hill. See ſome verſes on that ſubject, vol. xviii of his "works," p. 52.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he deviſed his fortune to the building and endowing an hoſpital for lunatics, he reſtrained his executors from purchaſing any lands that were "encumbered with leaſes for lives renewable."

I HAVE been here ſeveral months to amuſe me in my diſorders of giddineſs * and deafneſs, of which I have frequent returns—and I ſhall hardly return to Dublin till Chriſtmas.

I AM truly grieved at your great loſs †. Such misfortunes ſeem to break the whole ſcheme of a man's life; and although time may leſſen ſorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of ſo near a companion, nor hardly ſupply it with another ‡. I wiſh you health and happineſs, and that the pledge § left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great ſincerity,

Your moſt obliged and

moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER

* This diſorder, which with intermiſſions purſued him till it ſeemed to complete its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own Struldbrugs, lord Orrery often heard him aſcribe to a ſurfeit, occaſioned by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit at ſir William Temple's in 1691.

† The death of Mrs. Wallis.

‡ This ſentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more.

§ It appears by a letter from Swift to Ben. Tooke, his bookſeller, dated Dublin, June 29, 1710, (ſee his "works," vol. xvii, p. 76) that Mr. Thomas Swift (his "little parſon-couſin," as the dean ſtyles him) affected to be thought author of the "Tale of a Tub." This will account for Swift's diſlike of him, as hinted in a note on letter i, vol. i, p. 1.

LETTER XCVII.

MONTAGU BACON, Eſq; * to GEORGE JEFFREYS, Eſq; †

DEAR GEORGE, Cambridge, Oct. 6, 1732.
At Quarles's coffee-houſe.

TO make ſome amends for my dogged ſilence in Leiceſterſhire, I here begin a correſpondence with

* Younger ſon of Nicholas Bacon, eſq; of Shrubland in Suffolk, and fellow-commoner of Trinity-college, Cambridge, where he was admitted in 1704-5. He died in 1740, aged 51.

† This gentleman, who was educated at Weſtminſter-ſchool under Dr. Buſby, was the ſon of Chriſtopher Jeffreys, eſq; of Weldron in Northamptonſhire, and nephew to James lord Chandos. He was admitted of Trinity-college, Cambridge, in 1694, where he took the degrees in arts, was elected fellow in 1701, and preſided in the philoſophy-ſchools as moderator in 17 6. He was alſo ſub-orator for Dr. Ayloffe, and not going into orders within eight years, as the ſtatutes of that college require, he quitted his fellowſhip in 1709. In the words of one of his contemporaries, (the late vice-maſter, Dr. Walker,) "he performed his exerciſes in the college and uni-"verſity with applauſe; which, with a genteel modeſt deport-"ment, gained him much eſteem." Though Mr. Jeffreys was called to the bar, he never practiſed the law, but, after acting as ſecretary to Dr. Hartſtonge biſhop of Derry, at the latter end of queen Anne's and the beginning of king George the I's reign, ſpent moſt of the remainder of his life in the families of the two laſt dukes of Chandos, his relations. In 1754 he publiſhed, by ſubſcription, a 4to volume of "miſcellanies, "in verſe and proſe," among which are two tragedies, (viz. "Edwin" and "Merope," both acted at the theatre-royal in Lincoln's-inn fields) and "The triumph of truth," an oratorio. All that the compiler of "The companion to the play-"houſe" ſays of Mr. Jeffreys, is, that "he enjoyed ſome "poſt in the cuſtom-houſe, and was author of 'one' dramatic "piece,

with you from the banks of Cam. Is not that a poetical beginning? I have but very little news to tell you; for all college-news I am mortally ſick of; 'tis very nauſeous at the firſt hand; and 'tis no wonder a commodity, that is bad upon the place, ſhould very ill bear the carriage. . . . . .

BENTLEY is preparing an "anſwer to the arti-"cles*,;" againſt next year; and, as an appendix to it, his "Homer†" is to come out, which he is hard at work at. I hope your "*Schacchia*‡" is

"piece, which met with very little ſucceſs, entitled 'Edwin'." And Mr. Francklin, the tranſlator of "Voltaire's dramatic "works," publiſhed in 1762, ſuppoſes his author "miſtaken "in aſſerting, that 'an Engliſh Merope was acted at London "in 1731,' as, by all the enquiry he (the tranſlator) had "made amongſt perſons concerned in the theatres at that time, "he could not diſcover that any ſuch tragedy was ever exhi-"bited." Yet Quin, Ryan, Milward, &c. acted in it, and the names of Mr. Francklin himſelf (then Greek profeſſor,) and above twenty other members of Trinity-college, appear in the liſt of ſubſcribers to Mr. Jeffreys's "works." "This collection" (as the author obſerves in his dedication to the preſent duke of Chandos, then marqueſs of Carnarvon,) "includes an uncom-"mon length of time from the verſes 'on the duke of Glou-"ceſter's death in 1700' to thoſe 'on his lordſhip's marriage "in 1753. Mr. Jeffreys died in 1755, aged 77.

* Of complaint, exhibited againſt him by the college, in June, 1729, before the biſhop of Ely, their viſitor.

† It does not appear that this (if written) was ever publiſhed, nor is it mentioned by Dr. Bentley's biographers.

‡ A "poem on cheſs," tranſlated from Vida at the deſire of the firſt duke of Chandos. "It was a happy choice," ſays Dr. Warton, "to write a poem on cheſs, nor is the execu-"tion leſs happy. The various ſtratagems and manifold intri-"cacies of this ingenious game, ſo difficult to be deſcribed in "Latin, are here expreſſed with the greateſt perſpicuity and "elegance, ſo that perhaps the game might be learned from "this deſcription." "Eſſay on Pope," p. 192.

Pope's

is finiſhed and ready for the preſs; I thank you for the ſight of it. Beſides the pleaſure it gave me, it made me underſtand a very unintelligible book, at leaſt to me. I am at preſent doing little elſe, but cleaning my books, and accommodating my taſte to this very dull place; and to do the latter of theſe, conſidering the preſent diviſions, and continual bones of contention, is not an eaſy matter. However, that you may not think I wholly neglect reading, I muſt tell you I have, with great pleaſure, been reading over a French book, called *Mélanges de hiſtoire et de literature*, by Vigneul Marville*, 3 vols. I never read it before, though I have often ſeen and heard of the book. There are many curious anecdotes in it, and a great knowledge of books and authors. His judgment is not always certain, but has ſometimes a little of the coxcomb. I'll give you an inſtance, in a compariſon, he makes, between Virgil and Homer; but, on ſecond thoughts, it will be too long for this letter; I will very ſoon give it you, with my reflections, in another.——

I DIPPED lately into Cowley's "Davidëis," and read one book of it, and found there, what I thought, I could not have met with in Engliſh, twenty monoſyllables

Pope's game at ombre," in his "rape of the lock," (as this writer alſo obſerves, p. 232.) is certainly imitated from it.

* A fictitious name, Dom. Noel Dargonne was the real author.

noſyllables together, in two very well-ſounding verſes. I remember that Vaugelas, and the French academy, both agree, that there is even a ſweetneſs in joining twelve monoſyllables, and produce a verſe of Malherbe to juſtify it:

Et moi, je ne vois rien, quand je ne la vois pas.

THIS, they ſay, is one of the ſweeteſt, and runs the beſt, of any he has made. For my part, with my foreign ear, I cannot think ſo; but, if it be ſo, I think I can ſay almoſt as much for theſe Engliſh ones:

His birth, great ſir, ſo much to mine is tied,
That praiſe of that might look from me like pride.

Book iii.

AGAIN, there is another couplet, where all, but one word, are monoſyllables, and yet they are harmonious enough:

Forbid it, God, that, where thy right is try'd,
The ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe for pride *:

PRAY tell me one thing, and I'll trouble you no further; is it Engliſh, do you think, to uſe *advance*

* For Mr. Jeffreys's opinion of monoſyllable verſes, ſee an eſſay in the "appendix."

vance as a ſubſtantive, for *advancement?* I believe not. Yet he has uſed it in a fine repetition of the words *fate* and *chance*,

So vain are men's deſigns! for fate and chance,
And earth and heaven, conſpire to his *advance*.

I'LL mention, now my hand is in, one thing more, which is to me an odd and new tranſpoſition, and yet really I think it good; 'tis in the ſecond of theſe verſes about Jonathan,

A name, which every wind to heaven would bear,
Which men to ſpeak, and angels joy to hear.

I HAVE tired you with my lucubrations, and ſo I conclude, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

M. BACON.

P. S. There is a particular beauty in the above lines, "His birth, &c." which I juſt now recollect, viz. that 'tis at the beginning of a narration, and it is obſerved, that Virgil almoſt always begins a deſcription with a monoſyllable:

Eſt in ſeceſſu.

And twenty other examples I have ſeen laid together by Pontanus.

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Oct. 26, 1732.

AS to your "rhetoric," I profeſs I am at a loſs for the author of it; I ſuppoſe it to be ſomebody about biſhop Andrews's time, a long time ago, before the flood, as I think Mr. Dryden calls the grand rebellion. And I can only anſwer it by another of the famous Sir John Cheek, viz. "Where *treaſon* "is above *reaſon*, and *might* rules *right*, and *commo-* "*tioners* are better than *commiſſioners*,"—with ſuch pretty jingle. . . . . .

. . . As to my French critic*, he is making a compariſon between Homer and Virgil, and obſerves, very judiciouſly, "that Virgil has given the fineſt "example of unlawful love, that ever was, in "Dido; and Homer the moſt beautiful inſtance of "conjugal love, that is any where to be met with, "in Andromache." So far he is right; but what I object to, is this, he ſays, "the ſupper of Alci- "noüs is the beſt-contrived entertainment that can "be; and that of Dido's ſupper in Virgil is not "even within the rules of *biénſeance*. In Homer, "(he ſays,) they ſing the adventures and gallantries "of the gods; in Virgil, matters of philoſophy, "the

* See the laſt letter, p. 12.

" the ſtars, and the tides, and I know not what " all.——Place Dido's feaſt in Phæacia, and Al- " cinoüs's in Carthage, and all will be right." And, I believe, the Frenchman would have done indeed juſt ſo. But Virgil underſtands decency a little better. What! ſhould Dido, that ſevere widow and queen, whoſe heart, till that time, was in the grave with Sichæus, and had deſpiſed Iarbas, and I know not how many lovers more, have nothing but bawdy ſongs ſung at her table, the *dulcia furta* of the gods, to tell Æneas, from the very beginning, what ſhe was thinking of? That would have been an advance indeed! And as to the philoſophy, which he thinks improper, it is to be conſidered, that the country Dido came from, was near the original of aſtronomy, and at that time the moſt learned part of the world: beſides, the Phœnicians dealing wholly in navigation, the ſtars and the tides, and the length and ſhortneſs of the days were ſubjects that concerned them. And it had almoſt the dignity of a hymn, or, as formerly here in England, a chapter of the bible. This, I think, is enough to preſerve Virgil's feaſt from tranſportation; to rehabilitate it in the place where it is; and to ſave it from the fate of ſir John Daw's ſupper, to be carried over the way.

The author I blame in this, is Vigneul Marville, who, however, has many good things in him. I forgot to ſay, that Atlas, who was ſuppoſed to live

live in Afric, had taught Iöpas, which makes it ſtill more proper for the place where they were. Take it which way you will, 'tis excuſable enough: this laſt I have from the common notes.

As to your notion of tranſpoſitions, I think it does not at all affect the merit of the poet; for it is certain, that the conſtraint of verſe, and even of rhyme, as it is a hindrance to the writer in ſome things, ſo that very conſtraint occaſions many of the beauties of poetry, to thoſe who have the genius to get over it, as every good poet has. But it would require too long, and too philoſophical a diſcuſſion to go through with the proof of it. I have an idea how it may be demonſtrated.

You frightened me a little about *Father Francis** ; I was afraid you were going to make a funeral oration on Atterbury †, which might contain ſome treaſon; but the name of the Spectator made me take heart of grace again: we have recollected the ſtory.

I shall be glad to receive your "works" into my ſtudy; and I am preparing a place for them,

Tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens Scorpius, &c.

I doubt

* "Father Francis and ſiſter Conſtance, a tale, from the "Spectator, vol. 2, numb. 164, turned into verſe and en- "larged by Mr. Jeffreys." See it in his "works," p. 119.

† That biſhop died in exile at Paris, February 17, 1731.

I doubt not but you will do an honour to my collection; though, without vanity, as poetry goes now, it would be a ſort of an apotheoſis for moſt of the preſent writers.

Yours moſt affectionately,

M. BACON.

To ſhow you how differently the ſame things may be ſaid by different poets, and how a great genius makes things ſhine where a trifler makes them ridiculous, take theſe inſtances of Cowley and Milton. I ſhall quote only the verſes of Cowley, and leave you to recollect thoſe of Milton.

" Here a vaſt hill 'gainſt thund'ring Baal was
" thrown,
" Trees and beaſts on't, &c.
" One flings a mountain, and its river too,
" 'Torn up with't; that rains back on him,
" that threw."

Again.

" His ſpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
" Which nature meant, ſome tall ſhip's maſt
" ſhould be."

Again.

" Their jocund ſhouts th' air, like a ſtorm,
" did tear."

How inferior this to

" Tormented all the air!"—Milton.

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Dec. 10, 1732.

I THANK you kindly for your entertaining letter, but muſt be ſhort in my preface, having two long points to anſwer. You talk to me, as of a *terra auſtralis incognita*, about two authors that I am particularly acquainted with; I mean, if by "father *Hardin*," you intend "father *Hardoüin*," which I ſhould hardly imagine. Malebranche I was complete maſter of above twelve years ago, and, of what you call "jargon," I dare ſay, I underſtand as much as the author himſelf did. I know full well all his faults, and had, many years ſince, a deſign to have extracted his good things, by way of *ana**, and left the bad behind. His ſcheme about "ideas, union with God," &c. is unintelligible nonſenſe, come from what father it will; but he muſt be a critic in conſequences indeed, that can extract atheiſm out of nonſenſe. But, not to run down Malebranche neither: for a knowledge of human nature, in all its branches, the imagination, the ſenſes, the inclinations, and the paſſions, no man has ſhewn a greater and more comprehenſive

* Like *Menagiana, Huetiana*, &c.

ſive underſtanding. And for ſtyle, he is the moſt noble, the moſt magnificent, and the cleareſt writer, I may very near ſay, that ever I read. Is Plato, whoſe ſucceſſor Malebranche is, deſpiſed, becauſe his principles are unintelligible, when the beauty of imagination is ſo great in his works? Malebranche has likewiſe written againſt imagination with the fineſt imagination that can be. As to the objection of "atheiſm," I always thought him bigottedly ſuperſtitious, and that, like his maſter, Plato, he was as proper a man as could be, to have diſcovered the *Trinitarian* notion, before it was revealed, by mere ſtrength of thinking out of the way. But the clergy, I am afraid, of all nations, have an arch-chemic power to produce atheiſm in what ſoil they pleaſe; or elſe not even a Jeſuit could have charged ſo devout a man as Malebranche, with it; a man, who thought of nothing, but the love of God, and moral duties, all his life; and ſhewed a contempt for all things elſe. Conſequences, eſpecially where principles are dark, may be wire-drawn any how.

I HAVE a long article for you about father Hardoüin, if he be the man you mean; but I durſt not venture to affront you ſo much, as to ſuppoſe you can want information upon the ſubject of the famous editor of Pliny, the great chronologer, medalliſt, geographer, and ſtill more famous for his ſcheme to prove all the ancient authors, (fathers and all

all) ſuppoſitious *. I never heard of any father Harden ſo late as you ſpeak of.

I ENTIRELY agree with you about Cowley, and am ſo far from any incendiary deſign upon him, that I like his *Davidëis*, which is the work we are ſpeaking of, (ſhall I venture to ſay it?) beſt of all his works. I am ſure, the fineſt things, ſome of them, that we have in our mock heroic poems, are imitated from thence. No, it muſt be a Zoilus, not an Ariſtarchus, that would do that. He was undoubtedly a man of very fine parts. But a deſultory life, and for the moſt part, unfortunate, will hinder any man from coming to that perfection, for which nature deſigned him.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate, and

moſt obliged humble ſervant,

M. BACON.

LETTER

* F. Hardoüin excepted "Cicero's works," "Virgil's "georgics," "Horace's ſatires, and epiſtles," and "Pliny's "natural hiſtory." M. Le Clerc, in a letter to Mr. Addiſon, (dated Amſterdam, Feb. 12, 1709, and publiſhed in Swift's "works,") ſays, "The Jeſuits of Paris have condemned in the ſtrongeſt terms the ſentiments of father Hardoüin, and have obliged him to recant them in a ſhameful manner." He died at Paris in 1729, aged 83.

LETTER C.

Earl of ORRERY* to THO. SOUTHERNE, Eſq;†

MY DEAR OLD MAN, Marſton‡, Nov. 1, 1733.

AT my arrival at this dear and delightful place I was welcomed with a letter from you, which had lain ſome days on my table. Your commands will be ever obeyed by me with pleaſure, which is ſtill increaſed by your deſiring to know how we go on in the gardens. We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the gardens we are outdoing Hannibal, and working through rocks more obdurate than the Alps. This difficult taſk is undertaken in order to complete the three hanging terraces

* Alſo earl of Corke in 1753, (on the death of his third couſin, Richard earl of Burlington and Corke) the tranſlator, and, in his own letters, the rival, of Pliny. He died at Marſton in 1762, aged 56.

† This celebrated dramatic writer was born at Dublin, and received the firſt rudiments of his education in that univerſity, but afterwards, in the year 1678, he went to England, and entered himſelf in the Middle Temple: At the time of the duke of Monmouth's invaſion he had a captain's commiſſion in king James's army. He wrote ſeveral plays with different ſucceſs, and having acquired a handſome fortune, ſpent the latter part of his days in quiet. His plays participate too much of the licentiouſneſs of the age in which they were written; but he lived long enough to ſee and lament it. He died in 1746, aged 86.

‡ Near Frome in Somerſetſhire, a ſeat purchaſed of ſir John Hippeſly by the firſt earl of Corke. It was formerly part of the eſtate of Edmund earl of Cornwall;

terraces that ſhall exceed any of the eaſtern gardens; perhaps too to indulge a ſecret pride, that from the loweſt of theſe I may look down on the higheſt of my neighbours. The wood-walk, which I deſigned a labyrinth, is almoſt finiſhed. Three little fountains, at three ſeveral diſtances, add to the beauty of the place. The goddeſs of ſpring, and her follower the deity of ſummer, ſtand ſmiling at the beautiful proſpect in the diſtant vale, while Bacchus in another cabinet of wood, preſents you with the produce of the autumn, to baniſh melancholy and diſſipate gloomy thoughts. *Winter* is ſeen ſhivering in a corner, to remind us of mortality, and I think I muſt carry a death's head always in my pocket, leſt the charms of Marſton make me forget to hope one day to be an inhabitant of the kingdom of Heaven. Near the uppermoſt fountain is to ſtand a ſeat, erected according to a plan of your faithful ſervant: two little cloſets at each end, one of which will contain a couch, are the places where you and Phyllis may conſummate your unfiniſhed loves, and where I may count my beads, and ſay my mattins.

I have now told you all that will be finiſhed next ſummer. I am ſcratching out upon paper ten thouſand deſigns for the other parts of the gardens, and my plans commonly ſhare the ſame fate that I wiſh may befal all my works, they are thrown into the fire and forgotten.

From the garden if you will enter the houſe, you will ſee a repreſentation of the golden age; the cats, the dogs, the birds, the children, the maſter, and the ſervants, *omnes ſine vindice tuti.* Lions at Marſton would loſe their fierceneſs; the panther would grow tame: within my territories the emperor and the king of France would be reconciled; whilſt, like my firſt parent, I ſtand in the garden which my great Creator hath planted for me, and where he hath made *every-tree pleaſant to the ſight*, nor can I fall but by diſobedience, from which perhaps your prayers, and my own endeavours, may preſerve me. I will remember that my mother Eve tempted my poor weak father Adam, and loſt him Paradiſe: wonder not therefore, my good friend, if I chuſe Paradiſe, and refuſe woman. —The groves of Marſton—but I am returned to the garden, when I was juſt going to carry you into the hall. There you will ſee as fine a ſet of arms, as are in his majeſty's three kingdoms: pictures and marble tables adorn other ſides of the room; but I am more delighted with the proſpect from the windows, than from the moſt magnificent moveables that can be invented. The great dining-room is covered with pictures: two beautiful canary-birds hang near the windows, and however delighted I may ſometimes be with Italian muſic, theſe choiriſters charm my ears more than the ſofteſt notes of Cuzzoni's voice ever did. In this room I have had the honour to entertain one of the greateſt men of this nation, your much

honoured

honoured lord Carteret *; with him were lord Weymouth †, &c.

Our champaign flew about with the alacrity it uſually does in this houſe, nor is the maſter ever better pleaſed than when he has an opportunity of improving himſelf by the converſation and countenance of ſuch men. I am then, methinks, in the ſame ſituation in which a Greek epigram, which Fenton ‡ has tranſlated, puts old Homer; I am liſtening to Apollo ſinging, and ſtealing his ſong from him.

* Afterwards earl of Granville, on the death of his mother in 1744.

† Father of the preſent viſcount and ſon-in-law to lord Carteret.

‡ "Mr. Fenton," ſays this noble writer in a letter to another friend, dated in 1756, "was my tutor; he taught me "to read Engliſh, and attended me through the Latin tongue "from the age of ſeven to thirteen. When I became a man, "a conſtant and free friendſhip ſubſiſted between us. The "fact which Mr. Warton aſſerts concerning him [in the "eſſay "on Pope"] is far from being true. He tranſlated double "the number of books in the 'Odyſſey' that Pope has owned. "His reward was a trifle, an errant trifle. He has even told "me, that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved "him: he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him, "in the words of biſhop Atterbury, 'mens curva in corpore "curvo.' Poor Fenton died of a great chair, and two bottles "of port a day. He was one of the worthieſt and modeſteſt "men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears ariſe "when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty "years."

Pope,

I WILL not tire you with a deſcription of any other parts of the houſe, with which you are already well acquainted. The days are now grown ſhort; I have therefore prepared all the amuſements within doors that will make a ſolitary life agreeable.

Pope, in a letter to Gay, dated July 20, 1730, juſt after Fenton's death, mentions him in much the ſame manner: "I "have juſt received the news of the death of a friend whom I "eſteemed almoſt as many years as you; poor Fenton! He "died at Eaſthamſtead [lady Trumbull's] of indolence and "inactivity." The writer of Fenton's life in the "ſupplement to the Biographia," p. 50, ſays, "that being diſmiſſed "from his employ of ſecretary to the earl of Orrery in 1705, "he gladly accepted the offer of the free-ſchool at Sevenoak in "Kent." It appears, however, from the above, that Fenton was tutor to his lordſhip's ſon (then lord Boyle) and for that reaſon probably "his ſalary" (as mentioned by the biographer) might juſtly be "continued to him."

As Sevenoak is but five miles from Penſhurſt, if we had not ſuch good vouchers for his indolence, we ſhould be at a loſs to account for a man of Mr. Fenton's taſte and genius never viſiting that ſeat of the muſes, that Engliſh Arcadia, like ancient Greece the theme of poets, the nurſe of heroes. If he had, he could not have ſaid, in his obſervations on theſe lines of Waller "at Penſhurſt,"

Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of that old tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth——

"Theſe verſes apparently refer to ſome tree in Penſhurſt-"park, that was planted at the birth of the famous ſir Philip; "of which there is now no tradition remaining in the family; "but we may apply to it what Cicero ſays of the Marian "oak, &c."

Ben Johnſon alſo mentions it in the following manner;

"That

agreeable. When my children are put to bed, I betake myſelf either to the ſtudy of hiſtory, poetry, or natural philoſophy; and with theſe I make ſhift to ſit up till towards eleven; and, then, like Othello, I *put out the light*, and, without his guilt,

 wiſh

" That later tree, which of an oak was ſet,
" At his great birth, where all the muſes met."

And this hint the late Mr. Coventry (author of "Pompey " the little") has improved into a beautiful epiſode in his poem " on Penſhurſt," printed in " Dodſley's collection," vol. iv. p. 50.

Mr. Coventry wrote "an inſcription" for the ſame oak, which is printed in the " Gentleman's magazine" for 1760, p. 184.

This venerable oak was ſtanding within theſe five years, but was cut down by the late Algernon Sydney, Eſq; not long before his death, which happened in 1768. What a theme for the elegiac muſe of a Johnſon, a Waller, or a Coventry! And to ſpeak in the language of poets, how pathetically muſt the genius of Penſhurſt and every Hamadryad lament, that a tree, planted at ſuch an æra, celebrated by ſo many bards, and ſo long " ſacred from the ſtroke," ſhould at length be felled by a deſcendant of that houſe, the inheritor of ſuch illuſtrious names! But thus with the family to which it owed its birth it alſo expired, and now, like the Sydneys, lives only in hiſtory, tradition and ſong.

It is no leſs ſurpriſing that Fenton and every other biographer of Sachariſſa, ſhould mention only her firſt marriage to the earl of Sunderland, (whom ſhe ſurvived above forty years) and omit her ſecond to —— Smyth, eſq; of Bounds near Tunbridge, from whom the preſent baron Smyth, the inheritor of that ſeat, is lineally deſcended, and derives from her his chriſtian name of " Sydney."

wiſh for Deſdemona; but in vain*! And if I am ever melancholy, it is then, when I cannot help repeating what that black monſter ſays, with the additional horror of ſoul, which attends murder,

" My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no
" wife!
" O inſupportable! O heavy hour!

Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in a humour to write long letters, and that, you ſee, is the preſent turn of my temper, for I have been gazing at dried butterflies, hornets, and beetles, 'till I remembered I was a letter in your debt, and ſo took a reſolution to pay you with intereſt.

Lord Boyle† is very much your humble ſervant. He is employed all day long on my errands, which he executes without the leaſt miſtake. He puzzles me ſometimes with his queſtions, and makes me bluſh with his obſervations. I endeavour to turn off the diſcourſe as well as I can; but if I do not take care, the boy will ſoon grow too wiſe for me, and

* Henrietta counteſs of Orrery, daughter to the earl of Orkney, died in 1732. See her character (and epitaph) in lord Orrery's " Pliny," vol. ii. p. 183.

† Charles, afterwards ſtyled viſcount Dungarvan. He was at this time about five years old. He married in 1753 the daughter of Henry Hoare, eſq; and died in 1759, leaving only a daughter. His relict is married to lord Bruce.

and find out that there are but few years difference in our age, and much fewer in our underſtandings. Hammy *, who is leſs ſedate than his brother, contents himſelf with his tops and his marbles, without enquiring into the natural cauſes of things: by this means, the youngeſt bids fair to be the favourite, for I find I muſt give the other a rap † over the head in my will, or the next age will quite forget me. Betty ‡ is the erranteſt romp in Chriſtendom. She talks as faſt as any of her ſex, and, like moſt fine ladies, in a dialect not eaſy to be underſtood. Sickneſs and indolence tremble at the ſight of her, for ſhe is the picture of health, and a "veritable" Miſs Hoyden.

The great king Nobby § brought me home ſafe in the dark laſt night, and the invincible Hector ‖ is faithful and courageous ſtill. Our aviary has

 received

* The hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards viſcount Dungarvan, and on his father's death, earl of Corke, &c. He was at this time about four years old. He died, unmarried, in 1764.

† His lordſhip, it is probable, here ſpoke feelingly, with an alluſion to the cruel and moſt undeſerved "rap" that he had received from his own father, in the bequeſt of his library, conſiſting of about 10,000 valuable books, and a very fine collection of mathematical inſtruments, to Chriſt-church, Oxford.

‡ Lady Elizabeth Boyle, now the relict of ſir Thomas Worſley, bart.

§ A favourite horſe, whoſe life by great care was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34.

‖ A favourite grey-hound, who lived to the age of 14. In an invitation of Dr. Swift, to Marſton (dated April 3, 1737,) lord Orrery ſays, "Hector ſhall fawn upon you." Both theſe old ſervants have monumental inſcriptions to their memory in the gardens at Marſton.

received a great loſs by the death of a favourite paerroquet, who died, as he lived, with ſilence and tranquillity: he has left a diſconſolate widow, who, we feared, would not have ſurvived him, but, to my great joy, has admitted the addreſſes of an Indian nightingale, who courts her every morning with a ſong. This is the ſtate of men and beaſts at Marſton; whilſt our neighbours have their misfortunes. Lord Weymouth has had a fall from his horſe, by which his life was endangered: lady Weymouth has miſcarried, occaſioned by the fright ſhe received at ſeeing her lord brought home bloody and lifeleſs.

Great, undoubtedly, are the preparations for the enſuing nuptials *; but let them bury, or let them marry, I am content, ſo that the fates permit me to be lord of Marſton, and

Your humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER

* Of the prince of Orange and the princeſs royal.

LETTER CI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Saturday, Nov. 23, 1734.

MY abſence from home prevented my receiving your two letters till this day. I would elſe have read your tragedy * willingly; and I beg you not to take it amiſs that I return your preſent of the tickets, ſince it is not in my power to be there next week, through indiſpenſable obligations in the country at ſome diſtance. I think your prologue † a good one, and I think of players as I always thought of players, and of the ſon as I thought of the father. I ſincerely wiſh you ſucceſs, and am,

Sir, your moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
A. POPE ‡.

* "Lucius Junius Brutus." See vol. i. p. 211.

† This prologue, (which was afterwards ſpoken by Mr. Milward with applauſe,) had been juſt returned to the author, with great contempt, by Mr. Theophilus Cibber.

‡ Mr. Pope died May 30, 1744, aged 56.

LETTER CII.

Rev. Dr. RUNDLE* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Edgcumbe†, Dec. 9, 1734.

I AM moſt extremely obliged to you for the concern you have expreſſed for my ſucceſs, and ſhall

* At this time prebendary of Durham, archdeacon of Wilts, and chaplain to lord chancellor Talbot.

Dr. Rundle being recommended to the king by the lord chancellor for the biſhopric of Glouceſter, (on the death of biſhop Sydall) his appointment was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the biſhop of London (Dr. Gibſon) from a notion of the doctor's being a deiſt, founded on ſome unguarded expreſſions which had dropped from him ſome years before in a private converſation, at which Mr. Venn, (who was the informer) Dr. Stebbing, &c. were preſent. In conſequence of this oppoſition, the lord chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation, Dr. Benſon was promoted to the Engliſh biſhopric, and Dr. Rundle to the biſhopric of Derry in Ireland. On this occaſion, Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath) thus expreſſes himſelf in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated March 11, 1734-5: "What "do you ſay to the buſtle made here to prevent the man from "being an Engliſh biſhop, and afterwards allowing him to be "a good Chriſtian enough for an Iriſh one? Sure, the oppo- "ſition, or the acquieſcence, muſt have been moſt abominably "ſcandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, "(for I am not in the leaſt acquainted with him myſelf) he is "far from being the great and learned man his friends would "have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the "bad man his enemies repreſent him." And, Dr. Swift, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 3, 1735, ſays, "I have "the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the "reſt you ever ſent us; but that is ſaying nothing, for he an- "ſwers your character." To which Mr. Pope replies, "I am "glad

ſhall ever acknowledge the friendlineſs of the advice you have given me, though 'tis by no means proper for me to follow it. The lord chancellor * hath been pleaſed to think his honour concerned more than mine, to deſire me to be quiet and eaſy, and accordingly I have taken not one ſtep in this affair from the beginning, and ſhall be ſatisfied with any thing that he thinks proper to do, without interpoſing any ſcheme of my own in the leaſt. I deſire not any preferment which muſt be owing to a diſregard of him and his honour. If an intimate knowledge of me, and the higheſt friendſhip for me, during twenty years together, is not a ſufficient teſtimony to my reputation, nor to be preferred to Mr. Venn's, I muſt be contented to ſuffer at preſent. Poſterity will think his unexampled zeal for me the higheſt honour, though now it is diſregarded. I have not lived with obſcure men, but have enjoyed the favour of others, who are eſteemed by all that love this nation and our conſtitution. The late ſpeaker

" glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an ho-
" nour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one biſhop, two things
" you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he
" will be a friend and benefactor to your unfriended unbene-
" fited nation; he will be a friend to human race wherever he
" goes.—I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much
" as Dr. Rundle."

† In Cornwall, the ſeat of Richard Edgcumbe, eſq; created lord Edgcumbe in 1742.

* Charles lord Talbot, ſo created on receiving the great ſeal in 1733, the delight and honour of his country, both in his judicial and miniſterial capacity. He died Feb. 14, 1736-7.

ſpeaker * hath ſhown the ſincerity of his affection for me on this occaſion. He firſt offered me his friendſhip on the account of a public diſpute I had againſt Tindal and Collins at the Grecian coffee-houſe, in defence of Chriſtianity, and hath continued it ever ſince. I am an open talkative man; and not one of my acquaintance ever ſuſpected my diſbelief of the Chriſtian religion from any expreſſion that ever dropt from me, in the moſt unguarded hour of vehemence in diſpute. I never omitted one opportunity of defending it in private, when the turn of converſation made it decent; or in public, when the diſputes of the age made it neceſſary. I have ſpoken charges to the clergy, or preached on the moſt ſolemn occaſions, againſt Collins, Woolſton, Tindal, as multitudes will and have teſtified. But from a chance converſation Mr. Venn thinks otherwiſe. How apt he is to miſtake, and report his imagination, let his uſage of Dr. Hutchinſon teſtify; and I accuſe him of nothing more. But Dr. Stebbing was alſo offended with what I then ſaid! Let his cruel ſhocking charge againſt Dr. Sykes witneſs, how eaſily he is provoked to work up the expreſſions of thoſe he diſlikes into moſt deteſtable meanings. But I forgive them both, and though they treat me thus, I would ſerve them, if I could, tomorrow. Though they will not believe my profeſ-

ſions

* Spencer Compton, created earl of Wilmington in 1730. He was ſpeaker of the houſe of commons all the reign of George the firſt. At the time of his death, in 1743, he was firſt lord of the treaſury.

ſions of Chriſtianity, I will always obey, and enjoy the conſolation of its precepts and promiſes. They may injure my fortune, but ſhall not my temper. I do not doubt but the biſhop of London thinks me a very bad man; and thinks in oppoſing me he doth God and the church good ſervice; but it is not me, but the phantom repreſented to him under my name that he ſo vehemently oppoſes. If he knew me, poſſibly I ſhould have the favour of his eſteem and recommendation. I only complain that he prefers a tittle-tattle hear-ſay character from men that have no intimacy with me, to the dean of Chriſt-church *, whom he loves, to all my acquaintance, whom he hath examined, to the ſpeaker, whom he cannot but eſteem, and the lord chancellor, whom every man in England (unleſs thoſe who are angry on this occaſion) loves and eſteems, and rejoices in his integrity. I deſire no greater reputation in life than to be named the friend of the Talbot family, who loves and is beloved by them all; nor any nobler praiſe to be inſcribed on my grave. If theſe teſtimonies on my behalf are inſufficient, I am contented to be diſregarded, and muſt ſubmit to an uſage, that is as unexampled as undeſerved. I am obliged to you for your good wiſhes, and ſhall be glad to have it in my power to aſſure you that

I am, your obliged and
obedient humble ſervant,
THO. RUNDLE.

LETTER

* Dr. Conybeare, afterwards Biſhop of Briſtol.

LETTER CIII.

Mr. SOUTHERNE * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

From Mr. Killegrew's †, at Shanville-hall,
DEAR SIR, near Chelmsford, Jan. 2, 1734-5.

YOU do me more honour than I deſerve in the ſeveral parts of your letter. I am not worthy to be the ſire of ſo good a poetical ſon; but it has often been that the ſon has exceeded the father in his own profeſſion. Your epilogue § is very good, and lady Sarah Cowper ‖ did credit to her judgment in approving it, and an honour to her own character in praiſing the decency with which it is written ‡. ....

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
THO. SOUTHERNE.

* See note on letter xcv.

† See vol. i. p. 109, note.

§ To Lucius Junius Brutus.

‖ Daughter of lord chancellor Cowper, a lady diſtinguiſhed for her ſenſe and accompliſhments. She died unmarried in 1758.

‡ "Si ſic omnia!"—

LETTER

LETTER CIV.

Mrs. ROWE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Frome, April 8, [1735.]

THE tragedy you were ſo obliging to ſend me, has given me a very juſt and ſincere entertainment. The ſentiments are truly noble, and expreſſed with a becoming grandeur and elegance. The character of Lucia is perfectly amiable, and nothing can be more moving than the laſt ſcene between Titus and his father. Their parting touches every generous ſentiment in the human ſoul:

Open your arms to your relenting ſon,
Give him the comfort of one kind embrace,
Before he is remov'd for ever from you!
O ſay, at leaſt, that Brutus does not hate him.

WITHOUT any forced ornament, nature ſpeaks here with all its prevailing energy. . . . .

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER CV.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, May 23, 1736.

. . . . I THANK you for the epilogue, which I like in all reſpects, but chiefly for the honeſt and moral ſentiments in it. I am never better pleaſed with myſelf, than when I find I am pleaſed with any thing that is affecting and good-natured. I agree to ſeveral of your criticiſms, but probably ſhall never have occaſion to make uſe of them, becauſe I believe another edition * will never be called for. Indeed I have heard nothing from the booksellers about the thing, good or bad. I am glad, however, that the verſion pleaſed Meſſrs. Spence †, Browne

* "The tranſlation of Vida's Poetics." "The merits of "Vida," ſays a judicious critic, "ſeem not to have been particularly attended to in England, till Pope beſtowed this commendation upon him in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, 'Immortal "Vida, &c. The Poetics are perhaps the moſt perfect of his "compoſitions: they are excellently tranſlated by Pitt. This "poem has the praiſe of being one of the firſt, if not the "very firſt, pieces of criticiſm, that appeared in Italy ſince "the revival of learning; for it was finiſhed in the year 1520."

Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 192-4.

† See letter xci, p. 1.

Browne ‡, Duncombe, Glover §, Benſon ‖, and ſome more of the beſt judges in town. But I ſhould be mortified, ſhould the bookſellers complain, as I am afraid they will. As I never wrote with a view to lucre for myſelf, ſo would I much leſs care to do it to the prejudice of others. If I may be allowed to judge in my own caſe, I think this laſt to be the beſt of my poetical performances; and, I believe, you will agree with me, that the three laſt books have fewer grammatical inaccuracies than the firſt book. I cannot tell what to ſay to your compliment, that "this verſion will be admired as "long as the Engliſh language laſts;" but I am highly obliged to you, for your partiality to me, ever ſince the "tranſlation of Vida." I believe it was you who gave a public teſtimony to the merit of that performance, (if it has any) in the "Whitehall evening-poſt," when it made its firſt appearance

‡ Iſaac Hawkins Browne, eſq;

§ Author of Leonidas, &c.

‖ One of the auditors of the impreſt. This gentleman, who, in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's "tranſlation "of Virgil" with great contempt, was yet charmed with that of Mr. Pitt, and found in it ſome beauties of which he was fond, to a degree of enthuſiaſm. For his ignorance of architecture, though ſurveyor of the buildings to king George I, and alſo for his paſſionate admiration of Milton, and Johnſton, the tranſlator of the pſalms, Pope has placed him in the Dunciad:

"On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
"Milton on this, on that one Johnſton's name."

Book iv, ver. 111. See alſo book iii, ver. 325.

ance in the world, which, I ſuppoſe, did not a little contribute to its reputation and ſale; for ſix or ſeven hundred were ſoon diſpoſed of. I am anxious at preſent on both theſe accounts; firſt, in regard to myſelf, ſecondly, in regard to the booksellers. If it fails on their part, I ſhall think there is ſome accurſed thing in the performance itſelf, that hinders its ſucceſs. I wiſh you would privately enquire, and ſend me a ſincere account how it ſells, and how it is approved of. If it is only—*Laudatur, et alget*,—it is pretty much the ſame thing, as to reputation, as if it was d—'d. . . . . .

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

LETTER CVI.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, Jan. 4. 1736-7.

. . . . I HAD ſome thoughts of attempting that "epiſtle to Auguſtus" in the modern way. But if Mr. Pope has done it, no doubt, it is done in perfection. I have done in that way lately four or five of the epiſtles, and one of the ſatires, which are much approved of by thoſe who have read them; which

which I may ſhow you on another occaſion.—But, as I ſay in one of the epiſtles,

What I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;
Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more;
Things, that are born, and die, in half an hour.

That invitation was written to Mr. Role, fellow of New-college, a friend of Spence and mine. Dr. Cobden begged it of me, to give a friend, ſo it was printed.

I am afraid I can ſcarce remember all my brother's verſes, but theſe are at yours and Mr. Highmore's ſervice.

To my brother, CHRISTOPHER PITT.

An EPISTLE.

On his having a fit of the gout.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our iſle,
"I kiſs your hand, ſir," is the modiſh ſtyle;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiſs your venerable toe:
Not old infallibility's can have
Profounder reverence from its meaneſt ſlave.

What

What dignity attends the ſolemn gout,
What conſcious greatneſs, if the heart be ſtout!
Methinks I ſee you o'er the houſe preſide,
In painful majeſty and decent pride,
With leg toſs'd high, on ſtately ſofa ſit,
More like a ſultan, than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling ſlaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though, (or authors fail)
At times, the anti-ſalic laws prevail.

Now Lord have mercy on poor Dick, ſay I;
" Where's the lac'd ſhoe?—Who laid the flannel
" by?"
Within, 'tis hurry, the houſe ſeems poſſeſt;
Without, the horſes wonder at their reſt.
What terrible diſmay, what ſcenes of care!
Why is the ſooty Mintrem's hopeful heir *
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to riſe,
And give attendance with his half-ſhut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous viſage ſtare?
What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair? ‡
Why all this noiſe, this buſtle, and this rout?
" Oh! nothing-but poor maſter has the gout."

MEAN

* Mr. Pitt's ſervant, the ſon of a blackſmith.

† Another ſervant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford fair, two miles from Pimpern.

MEAN time, ſuperior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in ſoaring meditations flow,
In rapt'rous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us poor mortals, his ſtrong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of ſtate,
In all the pomp of words diſplay the Trojan fate.

CAN nothing your aſpiring thoughts reſtrain,
Or does the muſe ſuſpend the ſenſe of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in ſickneſs prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move;
Think not, your friends compaſſionate can be,
When ſuch the products of diſeaſe they ſee;
Your ſharpeſt pangs but add to our delight:
We'll wiſh you ſtill the gout, if ſtill you write.

I am, Sir,
Your friend and ſervant,
CHR. PITT.

LETTER CVII.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 1, 1737.

THE papers * came ſafe to hand. I am glad you and yours like them ſo much, and am apt to think

* Imitations of Horace.

think they are (ſome of them at leaſt) pretty well done. Perhaps I may attempt ſome more of them at my firſt leiſure, but they muſt be thoſe that Mr. Pope has not touched upon; for I ſhould think it ſacrilege to touch upon any, where he has gone before. . . . .

SINCE I received yours, I have read "Leo-"nidas *" for the firſt time, and believe it to be a very good thing, upon the whole; for I do not pretend to read it with a critical eye: good poetry is as much above, as bad poetry is beneath, criti-ciſm. His ſimiles are generally drawn from the grandeſt objects in human nature; which, you know, is pretty much after Milton's manner. . . . .

Will you let me know, by your next, if Mr. Spence's eſſay † (the ſecond edition) is yet publiſhed; becauſe he wrote me word, before he went to Italy ‡, that he had given my verſes on that book into

* By Mr. Glover.

† On Mr. Pope's "Odyſſey."

‡ Mr. Spence was then travelling with Charles earl of Middleſex, afterwards duke of Dorſet, a pupil worthy of ſuch a tutor, as he inherited the genius together with the titles, of his family. Witneſs his "Arno's Vale," written at Florence, on the extinction of the houſe of Medici (an elegiac paſtoral worthy of the Auguſtan age,) his verſes to Mr. Pope, &c. The former is well known: the latter (not having appeared in print) is added in the "appendix."

into the printer's hand? That laſt line on Dr. Keil is even yet perſpicuous to me:

" He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept—"
[Becauſe there were no more worlds to conquer—]
" Return'd" [from his expedition, not from the grave]—" and died."

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

LETTER CVIII.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, Aug. 21, 1737.

MR. Jabez Hughes's " poems*" I received, and like ſeveral of them very well; as alſo the young gentleman's verſes†. . . . . .

I wrote the under invitation the other day to Mr. Dodington‡: IF

* See vol. i. p. 156, note †.

† A tranſlation of the epigram on the oak, [ſee letter xci, vol. ii.] by Mr. Theophilus Wheler, (eldeſt ſon of the late rev. Granville Wheler, of Otterden-place in Kent.) This young gentleman died immaturely of the ſmall-pox, at Chriſt's-college, Cambridge, in the 19th year of his age, as did the author of the epigram, at the ſame age, and of the ſame diſtemper, at Merton-college, Oxford, in 1730.

‡ Created lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 1762.

If Dodington will condeſcend
To viſit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain diſhes here;
No coſtly welcome, but a kind,
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean, and ſpacious room,
The maſter, and his heart, at home,
A cellar open, as his face,
A dinner ſhorter than his grace:
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fiſh (if any) from the town;
Our rogues indeed, of late, o'eraw'd
By human laws, not thoſe of God,
No veniſon ſteal, or none they bring,
Or ſend it all to maſter King *;
And yet, perhaps, ſome vent'rous ſpark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have ſtore, and beer beſide,
And port, that's ſound, though frenchify'd.
Then, if *you* come, I'm ſure to get,
From Eaſtb'ry †, a deſert,—of wit.

One line, good ſir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

. . . . . In the merry months of May and June I tranſlated two Æneids ‡; and ſince that have been on

* The Blandford carrier.

† Mr. Dodington's ſeat.

‡ The 7th and 8th books.

on the ramble. Theſe three or four days laſt paſt I have ſat to it again in the mornings, which is the only ſeaſon I appoint for theſe religious exerciſes, or indeed that I can command; for I have ſo many engagements, that I am obliged to ſacrifice the other part of my time to another kind of genius than the poetical; to which laſt, by the bye, I think I have no pretenſions.

LETTER CIX.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, May 20, 1738.

I THANK you for the clear account of the new things. Comus * I have read, and like it much. Warburton † is juſt put into my hands, and, you may needs think, my curioſity was raiſed, at ſeeing a new light thrown on the ſixth Æneid ‡. How

* As altered for the ſtage by the late Dr. Dalton, by dividing it into ſcenes and acts, and introducing ſome vocal muſic admirably compoſed by Mr. Handel, whoſe muſic never appears to more advantage than when it is adapted to Milton's words.

† "The Divine Legation of Moſes demonſtrated."

‡ See "The Divine Legation," book ii, ſect. 4. The deſcent of Virgil's hero into the infernal regions, I preſume, was no other than a figurative deſcription of an "initiation" [into the "myſteries,"] and particularly a very exact picture of the "ſpectacles" in the "Eleuſinian myſteries;" where every

far it will hold, I am no judge; but the parallel, at leaſt, is plauſible and ingenious.—I remember, the name of Ceres occurs but once in that book, among the ghoſts of departed warriors.—

Cererique ſacrum Polybœten *.

..... I take the Templars to be the managers of the houſe; whatever Cibber or Rich pretend to the contrary.—I wrote two or three trifles lately ..... Dr. Coney, of Wells, wrote an ill-natured paper of verſes againſt my friend Hare's Horace; and at the end falls on Stephen Duck; thus anſwered:

The COUNTER-HUNT;

OR,

A REPLY to Dr. CONEY'S VERSES againſt Meſſrs. HARE and DUCK.

SURE 'tis enough to make one ſtare,
To ſee a *Coney* hunt a *Hare*;

And

* every thing was done in ſhow and machinery; and where a repreſentation of the hiſtory of Ceres afforded an opportunity of bringing in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, elyſium, purgatory, and whatever related to the future ſtate of men and heroes.
" Divine relation, p. 270, fifth edition."

The allegorical deſcent of Æneas into hell . . . is no other than an enigmatical repreſentation of his " initiation into the " myſteries." Virgil was to repreſent an heroic lawgiver in the perſon of Æneas; now, " initiation into the myſteries " was what ſanctified his character and ennobled his function.

Another

And when in that he fails of luck,
To leave the *Hare*, and hunt the *Duck*.
Doctor, you yet may loſe the day,
At once the chaſer and the prey;
The *Hare* and *Duck* may turn upon ye,
And, at long run, hunt down the *Coney*.

THESE laſt books of the Æneid are terribly long, as long again as moſt of the books of the Iliad or Odyſſey. But what ſaid Cæſar?

Nil actum eſſe puta, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.

IN ſhort, after a long fit of lazineſs, with ſome illneſs, for theſe laſt ſix or ſeven weeks, I have

 ſate

Another reaſon for the hero's initiation was, the important inſtructions the founders of empires received in matters that concerned their office. . . . . .

A third reaſon for his initation was, their cuſtom of ſeeking ſupport and inſpiration from the god who preſided in the myſteries.

A fourth reaſon for his initiation was, the circumſtance in which the poet has placed him, unſettled in his affairs, and anxious about his future fortune. . . . .

A fifth reaſon was, the conforming to the old popular tradition, which ſaid, that ſeveral other heroes of the Trojan times, ſuch as Agamemnon and Ulyſſes, had been initiated.

A ſixth and principal was, that Auguſtus, who was ſhadowed in the perſon of Æneas, had been initiated into the "Eleuſinian myſteries." Ibid. p. 288-290.

* Purgatory, the firſt diviſion [of the infernal regions] is inhabited by ſuicides, extravagant lovers, and ambitious warriors: and, in a word, by all thoſe who had indulged the violence of their paſſions, which made them rather wretched than wicked: It is remarkable that amongſt theſe we find one of the "initiated." *Cererique*

ſate to it for a large part of a good number of mornings; and then I get on horſeback, or in my chaiſe, and in both ſenſes leave the world behind me;

Compoque potitus aperto,
Flectit equum, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo.

Yours affectionately,

CHR. PITT.

LETTER CX.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, July 3, 1738.

I WAITED a poſt, before I would anſwer your letter, for I was willing to ſend you a piece of news, that Æneas will certainly carry the lady, and that Turnus is laid fairly on his back. I have rode, for two months paſt, on a violent ſtretch to reach the goal; which I did yeſterday morning*. I propoſe a good deal of pleaſure in correcting this long

Cererique ſacrum Polybœten.

This was agreeable to the public doctrine of the "myſteries," which taught that initation with virtue procured men great advantages over others in a future ſtate; but that without virtue, it was of no avail. Ibid. p. 316.

* This tranſlation was firſt publiſhed (in two volumes quarto) in 1740.

long work; and hope that, in time, my friends will not be aſhamed of it, though I know, that in many reſpects, Mr. Dryden's verſion * muſt have the advantage; and yet I ſaw lately my name and verſion very candidly uſed by the Journaliſts in their diſputes, when they made very free with my betters. Biſhop Secker told me, three years ago, about Mr. Martin's Georgic †. I have read ſome of Balguy's tracts, and he is a favourite author with me. Mr. Hare publiſhed a very good "verſion of "Horace's odes and epodes," by a crown ſubſcription. He is ſchool-maſter of Blandford, juſt by. I believe, in all my verſion, there are not above ſeven or eight borrowed lines. I could not help taking two together from Mr. Dryden in this paragraph; they are ſo very ſweet:—

"All, all my life," replies the youth, "ſhall
"aim,
"Like this one hour, at everlaſting fame.
"Though fortune only this attempt can bleſs,
"Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs;
"But one reward I aſk, before I go,
"The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow:
"*Of Priam's royal race my mother came,*
"*And ſure the beſt, that ever bore the name.*
"Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
"And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;

 "And

* In another letter Mr. Pitt ſtyles Mr. Dryden's "a glori-
"ous tranſlation."

† A proſe tranſlation, with notes, firſt publiſhed in 1741.

" And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
" From her, the danger of ſo dear a ſon.
" To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place,
" Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
" By night, and that reſpected hand, I ſwear,
" Her tender tears are more that I can bear.
" For her, good prince, your pity I implore,
" Support her, childleſs, and relieve her, poor.
" Oh! let her find in you, when I am gone,
" A friend, a ſpouſe, a guardian, and a ſon!
" With that dear hope embolden'd I ſhall go,
" Brave every danger, and defy the foe."

Æn. ix, ver. 280.

YOU have often mentioned this epiſode, which makes me ſend you a ſingle paragraph, which is not the worſt, you may be ſure *.

I CAN only add, that I have not ſeen Horace ſince I ſaw you, and that

I am affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

LETTER

* The tranſlator had certainly reaſon to be proud of theſe lines, it being ſcarce poſſible to find any ſuperior to them in any verſion. Dryden's of the ſame paſſage, ("ſweet" as are the two above-mentioned,) are much inferior to them.

LETTER CXI.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 24, 1738.

. . . I THANK you for your accurate obſervations on Dryden's Eclogues; and ſhould be glad to ſee more. Not that I have the leaſt thought, myſelf, of turning them*. Mr. Dryden never ſaw lord Lauderdale's tranſlation of them, or the Georgics. He only ſaw the Æneid, and borrowed ſome lines here and there †. I believe Mr. Dryden is right in that paſſage,—

—— *Sorti pater æquus utrique eſt* ‡,
Notwithſtanding
Cuperem, ipſe parens ſpectator adeſſet §,

D 4 goes

* The Eclogue, together with the Georgics, have ſince been very accurately tranſlated by another Wickhamite, the preſent maſter at Winchester-ſchool, and are now prefixed to Mr. Pitt's Æneid.

† See Dryden's dedication of his Virgil to the marqueſs of Normanby, p. 295.

The earl of Lauderdale, in the reign of Charles II, fled into France, having loſt his places for correſponding with the earl of Argyle, who was attainted. He there tranſlated the Æneid, and ſent his tranſlation over to Dryden.

‡ Æneid x, ver. 450.

" Jove" is impartial, and to both the ſame."

Ruæus refers both " pater" and " parens" to Evander, the father of Pallas.

§ x, 443,

Oh! were " his father" here my juſt revenge to view!

goes before it. Pollio, as you ſay, is done very nobly; I always thought ſo, when I read it at ſchool. Will not Dryden's arguments, which were written by Mr. Addiſon, ſerve for another verſion?

I DID write an idle thing, on lord Stanhope *, the work of a day or two, which I have forgot, as I hope every body elſe has. The lines, I believe, ſome at leaſt, were round and ſtrong; but, upon the whole, I own it was a raſh incorrect thing. I knew indeed very little of the ſubject; but as he married a relation †, I fell to ſcribbling without fear or wit, to ſhow my reſpect. I am juſt going to read over Ogleby's Virgil ‡, which is lately put into my hands, remembering Vida's practice,

Nor would I ſcruple, with a due regard,
To read ſometimes a rude, unpoliſh'd bard,
Among whoſe labours, I may find a line,
Which from unſightly ruſt I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.

You

* James earl Stanhope, conqueror of Minorca, and father to the preſent earl.

† Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pitt, of Stratford in Wilts, eſq;

‡ In like manner, Ogleby's "tranſlation of Homer," notwithſtanding the deadneſs and inſipidity of the verſification, arreſted Mr. Pope's attention by the force of the ſtory, when he was but eight years old, and the raptures this tranſlation, and Sandys's Ovid, gave him, were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure to the period of his life.

You know the ſtory of my maſter's reading Ennius*.

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

LETTER CXII.

Counteſs of POMFRET† to the Counteſs of HERTFORD‡.

Monts, Sept. $1\frac{2}{3}$ 1738.

AS every one is willing to believe the thing they wiſh, ſo I cannot but hope, that letter muſt be written with more than common kindneſs, which, directed to my houſe in Hanover-ſquare, has followed me not only to France, but through every

* "To pick gold out of his droſs."

† Daughter and ſole heireſs to John lord Jeffreys, and mother of the preſent earl of Pomfret. Her ladyſhip's noble donation to the univerſity of Oxford, in 1755, of that part of the Arundel collection which was purchaſed by ſir William Fermor, has juſtly endeared her to all lovers of the polite arts. She died in 1761.

It is remarkable that this lady met with very rude inſults from the populace, on the weſtern road, only becauſe ſhe was grand-daughter to the inhuman lord chancellor Jeffreys.

See Granger's "Biog. Hiſtory," vol. 2, pt. 2, p. 533.

‡ This lady, as eminent for her virtues as her rank, the friend of Mrs. Rowe, and afterwards dutcheſs of Somerſet, died in 1754. She was eldeſt daughter of the hon. Henry Thynne, (only ſon of Thomas lord viſcount Weymouth) and mother of the preſent dutcheſs of Northumberland.

place in it that I have ſtopped at. I am much obliged to you, madam, for giving yourſelf that trouble with lord Lempſter's * letter to his brother †. I am very glad the gentleman is ſo good as to keep it; for he will ſoon be, if he is not already, returned to Port-Mahon, and ſhould be ſorry he miſſed the receiving it.

YOUR ladyſhip's obliging command of writing to you, I with great pleaſure obey, but am aſhamed to think how little entertainment I can ſend you from a country that is eſteemed an inexhauſtible fund of amuſements to all the polite world that ſees it: neither am I inſenſible to all its charms; a clear air, a beautiful and well-cultivated ſoil, with a civil and diverting people. Yet all this is nothing but what Gordon's grammar can tell you better than I. What then? Am I to deſcribe palaces, parks, and gardens, which (beſides that you have heard a thouſand times already) I ran over in ſuch haſte, I ſcarce know where I ſaw this apartment, that grove, or t'other caſcade? The ſum of all of them is this: Lewis XIV for ever had Pharamond ‡ in his view; love, arms, and arts were the characters in which he ſtrove to tranſmit

* Now earl of Pomfret.

† The hon. William Fermor, a captain in the royal navy. He died in 1749.

‡ Firſt king of the Franks, and founder of the French. He died about the year 427, after reigning eight or nine years.

tranſmit his name to poſterity. But, like the Egyptian monarch, he is deceived: a little time has worn thoſe pompous forms away, and vanity appears the only architect. This Lewis takes a different turn, and if he gave the leaſt occaſion to ſuſpect his reading, I ſhould believe he fetched his pattern from the Italian Paſtor Fido, and that Silvius was the man. Thus much for kings.

And now to ſhow you how little elſe I can ſay, I will inform you of my ſituation and manner of life. The firſt is in a ſmall, but very pretty, village, with two or three gentlemen's families in it. My houſe is old, but convenient, with as large a garden as I deſire. My dreſſing-room looks down on the river Seine, which runs through a various and delightful country. For the ſecond, I riſe early, work a little, read more, and walk very much; this being the vintage, adds greatly to the pleaſure of the laſt. As I do not talk French, I cannot converſe ſo freely as I would with my neighbours, and, I fear, I am too old to learn. But were it otherwiſe, I have, for this laſt fortnight, been ſo uneaſy for Sophy *, who has had an intermitting fever, that I could think of nothing elſe till ſhe was better; which, I thank God, ſhe is at preſent.

I heartily

* Lady Sophia Fermor, married in 1744 to the late earl of Granville, by whom ſhe had one daughter, the late counteſs of Shelburne.

I HEARTILY hope this may find your ladyſhip, lord Hertford*, lord Beauchamp †, and lady Betty ‡ in all the happineſs you merit, and your friends wiſh; in which number permit me to place, dear madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

LETTER CXIII.

Counteſs of POMFRET to the Counteſs of HERTFORD.

Monts, Oct. $\frac{6}{17}$ 1738.

SINCE you have ſo kind a wiſh for me, dear madam, as that of coming to my dreſſing-room, I will indulge the agreeable thought that it is effected; and though I do not know how to believe you here, I will imagine I have placed you in my great chair, where, on your left hand, is the fire, (no bad thing, this weather) and, on your right, a window, from which you ſee the river, bordered on

* Algernon, earl of Hertford, only ſon of Charles duke of Somerſet, whom he ſucceeded in his titles in 1748, and died in 1749.

† Only ſon of the earl of Hertford. See letters cxiv, and cxxxii.

‡ The preſent dutcheſs of Northumberland.

on each ſide with meadows, vineyards, corn-fields, villages, and chateaux. I congratulate my own happineſs in your arrival. I recount to you my journey, the things I have ſeen, and the things I was forced to leave unſeen, by the hurry we were in. And as, I believe, you may have heard leſs of St. Germain's than of ſome other palaces, I enlarge moſt upon that. I tell you it was built by that polite hero and gallant prince, Francis I*. In compliment to his miſtreſs, whoſe name was Diana, it is erected in form of a Gothic D, with five towers, and is ſix ſtories high; the three firſt are ſtone, the three higheſt brick, and there is an open gallery which runs round the middle on the outſide with iron rails; within, is a court that coaches, to the degree of a duke, have privilege of entering, and the whole caſtle is encompaſſed with a large dry ditch; over which are draw-bridges. The emblem of this king was a ſalamander in flames, which is placed alternately with a crowned F round the turrets, as alſo carried over the gate-way. The apartments within are noble, and the convenience for the ſervants very great. The gardens are not large, but there is, perhaps, the fineſt terras in the world on the ſide of the foreſt, two thouſand ſeven hundred yards long, and fifty broad, from which you have a view of the Seine and a moſt beautiful

* This prince (who died in 1547) built many of the royal palaces in France, and adorned them all with pictures, ſtatues, tapeſtry, and all kinds of choice and coſtly furniture, and is ſaid never to have been equalled in generoſity, ſweetneſs of temper, and magnificence.

beautiful country. The foreſt itſelf is of vaſt extent, and finely wooded, cut into walks and ſtars; and is by nature as much fitted for walking as any garden in England is by art. In this palace the ſucceeding kings of France generally lived, till Lewis XIV (who was born here) built Verſailles, much more extenſive, leſs noble, and reſigned this to king James II, ſince the death of whoſe widow the royal lodgings have been unfurniſhed, and it is now of much the ſame uſe that Somerſet-houſe is in London. There are ſtill ſome remains of that abdicated court: amongſt others is lady Middleton, ſiſter to lady Weſtmoreland, and two years older than herſelf, in perfect poſſeſſion of her health and ſenſes. She followed her huſband * out of England, was lady of the bed-chamber to queen Mary, and governeſs to the princeſs Louiſa, whoſe picture I ſaw, and, if I had not ſeen it there, ſhould have taken it for our princeſs Caroline. This poor lady, while I was at St. Germain's, loſt her youngeſt ſon, whoſe ſtory has ſomething ſo particular, that (as I can anſwer both for the truth and knowledge of the perſons who told it me) believing it may entertain you, I will relate it.

He was born about the time of the revolution, and chriſtened Charles. As ſoon as his mother was able to travel (as I ſaid before) ſhe followed her huſband, taking this boy along with her; whoſe beauty,

* The earl of Middleton, ſecretary of ſtate to king James II.

beauty, when he grew up, was only equalled by the wit, politeneſs, and a thouſand other perfections that he poſſeſſed, and that made him the admiration and delight of all his acquaintance. When he was old enough, he entered into the army, where his behaviour was anſwerable to all his other merits. One winter that his regiment was quartered in Normandy, he lodged in the houſe of an officer, who had an only daughter, young, pretty, and ingenious. You will eaſily gueſs, the event of this acquaintance was firſt a liking, and then a love; and that ſo violent and open on his ſide, that the father thought fit to interpoſe, and tell him, with all the reſpect due from an inferior, and all the warmth of an alarmed parent, that "he knew his daughter undeſerving of the honour of being his wife, but alſo thought her above being his miſtreſs." On this, he was obliged to quit the houſe, but could not quit his paſſion; and finding an equal return from the young lady, he, to aſſure her of his faith, and himſelf of hers, gave and received a contract. As this affair could not paſs in ſilence, lord Clare, (who was his colonel) and others of his relations, ſent word of it to lady Middleton, who immediately ordered him to return home; where ſhe made uſe of ſo many arguments, threats, and perſuaſions, (amongſt others, that he would ruin the young woman he loved, as well as himſelf) that, after contending with them for two or three years, he yielded to write a letter, in which he ſaid, that "he believed it would be hap-

" pier for her to think no more of a man whoſe " friends were determined never to receive her; " and that he might not be a hindrance to her for- " tune elſewhere, he returned her promiſe, and " deſired his." The lady ſent it directly, aſſuring him ſhe had never taken it with an intention to injure him, whoſe happineſs ſhe preferred to her own, and heartily wiſhed it him in ſome more worthy choice; but did not long outlive her generoſity, and his change, falling into a conſumption, and dying within the year. The news of which made ſuch an impreſſion on Mr. Middleton, that, from the moſt lively, he became the moſt melancholy, of men; and, though he lived ſome years after, he never enjoyed life, for the laſt three months of which he ſecluded himſelf from all company, and died of a fever that had no appearance of being mortal.

You ſee, dear madam, by the length of my diſcourſe, I do not mean to part ſoon with you, whenever you come, for I find myſelf on the laſt ſide of my paper, and have not aſked you one of thoſe many things I want to know. The actions, the words, the deſigns of our acquaintances muſt be agreeable to hear of, if you relate them; for even the duke of Marlborough's purchaſe, in lady Hertford's letter, is worth the money. Write me word then, dear madam, what is doing where we do no more, but, ſafe in harbour, ſee the main covered with floating veſſels, ſome ſailing with auſpi-

cious

cious gales, ſome ſtruggling with adverſe winds, ſome cruiſing, ſome ſinking. I am not out of humour with the world, though retired from it, and therefore ſhould take as much pleaſure in hearing how it goes, as in ſeeing a new play; where, tho' I am no actor, I am as attentive to the opening, progreſs, and cataſtrophe of the plot. I believe, you will more than once wiſh, (if you have the patience to read this out) that I had thought of concluding ſooner; but ſince I have gone ſo far, I muſt detain you ſo much longer as to ſay, I am, dear madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt faithful,
and moſt obedient humble ſervant,
HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

LETTER CXIV.

Biſhop HERRING * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Rocheſter †, Nov. 3, 1737.

I THANK you moſt affectionately for your obliging enquiry after me, and I bleſs God, have the

* Afterwards ſucceſſively archbiſhop of York and Canterbury. "This amiable prelate" (as he is juſtly characteriſed by the late Dr. Jortin) "had piety without ſuperſtition, and "moderation without meanneſs, an open and a liberal way of "thinking, and a conſtant attachment to the cauſe of ſober "and rational liberty, civil and religious. Thus he lived and "died,

the ſatisfaction to inform you that I am very well, after the moſt agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled ſlowly and commodiouſly, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and beſpeaks the magnificence of nature; and ſo enlarged my mind, in the ſame manner as the ſtupendouſneſs of the ocean does, that it was ſome time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries: their beauties were all in the little taſte; and, I am afraid, if I had ſeen Stow in my way home, I ſhould have thrown out ſome very unmannerly reflections upon it. I ſhould have ſmiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with ſomething like the rubbiſh of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful ſtreams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vaſt ocean, and ranges of rocks, whoſe foundations are hid, and whoſe tops reach the clouds. I know ſomething of your caſt of mind, I believe, and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening, which I ſhall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day,

" died, and few great men paſſed through this malevolent " world better beloved, and leſs cenſured, than he."

Life of Eraſmus, vol. i, p. 42, note.

His grace died March 13, 1757, aged 64.

† His lordſhip held this deanery in commendam with his biſhopric.

day, and rode near four miles upon the ſmooth ſhore, with an extended view of the ocean, whoſe waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a little village, with a neat church and houſes, which ſtood juſt at the entrance of a deep valley: the rocks roſe high, and near, at each hand of us, but were, on one ſide, covered with a fine turf full of ſheep and goats and grazing herds, and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn and ſpots of wood, and here and there a great piece of bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a ſtream clear as chryſtal, but large and foaming, over vaſt ſtones rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could ſcarce be ſaid to be made by the hands of art; and as it was evening the hinds appeared, in many parts of the ſcene, returning home, with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place till our proſpect was cloſed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, ſhut the valley. All theſe images together put me much in mind of Pouſſin's drawings, and made me fancy myſelf in Savoy at leaſt, if not nearer Rome. Indeed both the journey, and the country, and the reſidence were moſt pleaſing to me. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and aſſured friend,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

Biſhop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Kenſington, Sept. 11, 1739.

. . . . I MET your letter here on my return from Wales. I bleſs God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a moſt perilous journey. It was the year of my primary viſitation, and I determined to ſee every part of my dioceſe; to which purpoſe, I mounted my horſe, and roſe intrepidly, but ſlowly, through North Wales to Shrewſbury. I am a little afraid, if I ſhould be particular in my deſcription, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but indeed I will ſtick religiouſly to truth; and becauſe a little journal of my expedition may be ſome minutes amuſement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, on my laſt year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with ſomewhat of a poetical fancy: that, I am confident, you will not now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidſt the dreary rocks of Merionethſhire *. You find, by this intimation, that my landſcapes are like to be ſomething

* To this his lordſhip's letter is one exception, and Ambroſe Philip's poem "from Copenhagen," publiſhed in the "Tatler," is another.

ſomething different from what they were before, for I talk ſomewhat in the ſtyle of Othello,

——" Of antres vaſt, and deſerts idle,
" Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads
" touch heaven."

I ſet out upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as biſhops uſually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, ſecretary, two or three friends, and our ſervants. The firſt part of our road lay croſs the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary moraſs, with here and there a ſmall dark cottage, a few ſheep, and more goats, in view, but not a bird to be ſeen, ſave, now and then, a ſolitary hern watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles we got to a ſmall village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the ſide of a fine lake, full of fiſh, and tranſparent as glaſs. That pleaſure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and, in many places of the road, over natural ſtairs of ſtone. I ſubmitted to this, which, they told me, was but a taſte of the country, and to prepare me for worſe things to come. However, worſe things did not come that morning, for we dined, ſoon after, out of our own wallet, and though our inn ſtood in a place of moſt frightful ſolitude, and the beſt formed for the habitation of monks (who once poſſeſſed it) in the world,

yet

yet we made a chearful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me ſpirits, and the air gave me appetite much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our muſic too, for there came in a harper, who ſoon drew about us a groupe of figures that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and woman ſtood before him, ſinging to his inſtrument wildly, but not diſagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman, in a ſick night-cap, hanging over the ſtairs; a boy with crutches, fixed in a ſtaring attention; and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her buſineſs by the charms of the muſic; all ragged and dirty, and all ſilently attentive. Theſe figures gave us a moſt entertaining picture, and would pleaſe you, or any man of obſervation: and one reflection gave me particular comfort, That the aſſembly before us demonſtrated, that, even here, the influential ſun warmed poor mortals, and inſpired them with love and muſic. When we had diſpatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted; and my guide pointed to a narrow paſs between two rocks, through which, he ſaid, our road lay. It did ſo; and in a little time we came at it. The inhabitants call it, in their language, "The road of kindneſs." It was made by the Romans for their paſſage to Carnarvon. It is juſt broad enough for an horſe, paved with large flat ſtones, and is not

level,

level, but riſes and falls with the rock, at whoſe foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand, a vaſt rock hangs almoſt over you; on the left, cloſe to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded, on the other ſide, not by a ſhore, but by a rock, as bare, not ſo ſmooth, as a whetſtone, which riſes half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all diſmounted, not only from reaſons of juſt fear, but that I might be at leiſure to contemplate in pleaſure, mixed with horror, this ſtupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having paſſed over a noble bridge of ſtone, we found ourſelves upon a fine ſand, then left by the ſea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, paſſing over more rough country, at our deſtined inn. The acccommodations there were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hoſteſs, and I ſlept well, though, by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myſelf in an hoſpital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner ſet out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle. There I ſtayed and did buſineſs the next day, and the ſcene was much mended. The country I had hitherto paſſed through was like one not made by the Father of the Creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river, and fine meadows. However, on the Thurſday, I had one more iron mountain of two miles to paſs, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryſhire,

gomeryſhire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the fineſt ſheep; and from this time the country and the proſpects gradually mended, and indeed the whole œconomy of nature, as we approached the ſun; and you cannot conceive, what an air of chearfulneſs it gave us, to compare the deſolations of North Wales with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryſhire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickſhire. For I made myſelf amends in the following part of my journey, directing my courſe through Shrewſbury, Woolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, ſome of the fineſt towns and counties in the iſland. But I muſt ſtop, and not uſe you ſo unmercifully.....

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and

affectionate humble ſervant,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER CXVI.

Biſhop RUNDLE to the Rev. Dean CLARKE*.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Barrington †, Sept. 9, 1740.

IF I was not the moſt inactive mortal living, I would quickly come to you at Wincheſter, to aſſure you

* Alured Clarke, D. D. prebendary of Weſtminſter and Wincheſter, and dean of Exeter. This laſt preferment, to which

what eſteem and affection for you have ever been in my heart; but, I believe, I muſt defer my viſit to you, till I can pay it in that city [Exeter] where I was born, and which ſtill continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the fineſt climate, and moſt agreeable place of reſidence in England, yet it never appeared in ſo fair a light to me, as it will, when I ſee you preſiding in its cathedral. I have ſtill ſome few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who will think themſelves happy in your friendſhip, and rejoice to perform to you all the ſelf-rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and, I am confident, they will think themſelves more obliged to me for making them known to you, than for all the other civilities it has ever been in my power to ſhow them.

YOUR houſe* there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily ſituated under the ſhadow of the church, crowded with houſes in ſuch a manner,

which he was advanced May 12, 1740, he did not long enjoy, dying, before he had completed the 46th year of his age, on May 31, 1742. He was interred, without any monument, in Weſtminſter-abbey; but the county-hoſpitals of Wincheſter and Exeter (the firſt of the kind) which, in a great meaſure, owe their riſe to his indefatigable aſſiduity, are much more durable memorials of his benevolence and charity.

† Lord Talbot's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.

"At Farrington ſhall Engliſh bounty ſtand,
"And Henſol's glory never leave the land."

Pope.

* On the repair of this houſe dean Clarke expended a large ſum of money.

as not to ſuffer you to have any gardens of value; but the variety of public walks round the town, and the beauty of the landſcapes, and the warmth of the air, will make you ample amends for every inconvenience at home, if any ſuch there is. But I am juſt informed that you have not yet taken poſſeſſion of it. Whence this delay? I hope it is not from indifference. If you go down next ſpring, I will offer you my company, if that can make the journey more agreeable. You will find there every thing that your hoſpitable heart can deſire, in greater plenty, greater elegance, and at leſs expence, than in any city in England, and I may almoſt ſay Ireland, if I am not deceived by my memory and my friends. Forgive my indulging myſelf in the praiſes of my firſt love, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, whilſt I am baniſhed to Thulé, far from ſunſhine, and the converſation of thoſe friends, whoſe company would make even Thulé pleaſant and ſunſhine forgotten. If you have any taſte for gardening, and cultivating and amaſſing any kind of vegetable riches, the trees there ſhoot with a more luxuriant verdure; the flowers glow with warmer colours; and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour, than in any part of this iſland: and the fig and the grape ſcarce deſire better ſkies.

I AM glad you are pleaſed with Capt. Folliot *; he is a ſenſible, friendly, upright man; indefatigable

* Afterwards lieutenant-general, colonel of the 18th regiment of foot, and member of parliament for Sligo. He died in 1762.

gable in obliging thoſe for whom he has conceived an eſteem; and generous to the full extent of his fortune. He has a taſte for the beauties of nature, and indulges himſelf in the enjoyment of every rational amuſement of that kind, which he can purchaſe with diſcretion. You and he have many things in common in the turn of your indefatigable charity to relieve the diſtreſſes of mankind; and our hoſpital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raiſed from being *vox & præterea nihil*, into a comfort to many hundred of unhappy wretches; and is now an honour to our kingdom; and, whilſt it continues ſo, will preſerve to poſterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wiſdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's *, in Red-lion-ſquare. You know me well enough, to be ſure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of thoſe friends, to whoſe family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my preſent journey. I deſign to continue the winter and ſpring in London, and in the beginning of the ſummer ſee my other friends, and then return to Ireland—for ever. I grow too old and too inactive to propoſe any fu-

 ture

* Third ſon of the lord chancellor, afterwards one of the Welch judges, member of parliament for Ilcheſter, and a lord of trade. He died in 1756.

ture expeditions: I have recovered my health and ſpirits, but not my ſtrength; I am infinitely better than ever I expected, or could even hope for without preſumption; but yet the effects of a diſtemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will diſable me from any proſpect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I OWN to you, my friend, my ſituation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any poſſibly could be, remote from the early friendſhips of my life. I have been ſerved as Plato in his commonwealth would have Homer treated; "Firſt," ſays the philoſopher, "do him honours, reward his merit, "and then baniſh him." At Dublin I enjoy the moſt delightful habitation, the fineſt landſcape, and the mildeſt climate that can be deſcribed or deſired; I have a houſe * there rather too elegant and too magnificent; in the north, an eaſy dioceſe and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five beneficed clergymen under my care; and they all regular, decent, neighbourly: each hath conſiderable and commendable general learning, but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors ſuch a ſtipend, as hath, alas! tempted the moſt of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates, that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to ſupport them.

THE

* On Stephen's-green.

THE only diſcipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to diſcard three out of my dioceſe, who, though refuſed certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their ſucceſs; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they ſhould ſincerely ſeek it with tears.

MY dean*, your kinſman, is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the firſt object of his fondneſs, and agrees with his conſtitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great œconomiſt; lives ſplendidly, yet buys eſtates: and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300 l. per ann. but he hath ſeven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will increaſe daily, and the out-goings continue the ſame. It is now a clear 1000 l. and will next year be probably better. I have only room to aſſure you, that I am,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

THO. DERRY†.

* Mr. Robert Downes, afterwards ſucceſſively biſhop of Ferns, Down, and Raphoe. He died in 1763.

† Biſhop Rundle died at Dublin, April 14, 1743, and left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 25,000 l. to Mr. John Talbot above-mentioned.

LETTER CXVII.

Rev. Mr. SAY* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Octob. 10, 1740.

ACCORDING to your deſire, I herewith ſend you my Latin verſion of the introduction to Paradiſe Loſt. It was compoſed (as I think I told you) while I lay on my bed in the night, and ſcarce knew whether I was aſleep or awake, writing or hearing verſes; and the heavenly muſe gave me, in the words of Milton,

> Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
> And whiſper'd to me ſlumb'ring, and inſpir'd
> Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe:

Or, in plain proſe, ſuggeſted it to one who does not remember to have made ten Latin hexameters together in his whole life at any other time, nor deſigns ever to make ten more. For you will eaſily believe, *he* can lay very little ſtreſs on the inſpiration, who has ſince attempted to make ſo many improvements by a mere human judgment or induſtry.

THE reading over a Latin manuſcript verſion of the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt, which had been put into my hands a little before, gave my thoughts,

as

* See note on letter iv, vol. i.

as I imagine, this turn; for I was endeavouring to convince the author, that Milton would be but half tranſlated, if his numbers were not transfuſed, as well as his general ſenſe given; and if there was not the ſame ſtudied, or happy neglect, or choice of ſounds, either harſh or indifferent, or ſweet and ſoothing to the ear, in the copy as in the original.

Humani generis lapſum, mitiſſima rupta
Fœdera, lethiferæ fructum arboris, unde malorum
Dira cohors, cum morte ſimul, mortalibus ægris
Incubuit, Paradiſo Amiſſo; major Adamus
*Dum * moriens mortem vincat, ſedemque beatam*
Reſtituat, cane muſa: Sinæ quæ vertice ſummo,
Orebive olim, ſecreto numine mentem
Illius afflâſti Paſtoris, ſemen Abrami
Qui ſanctum docuit, quo motu terra fretumque,
Quo, primùm è cæco lux ipſa & ſidera cœli
Emersêre Chao—Vel ſi juga ſacra Sionis,
Seu Siloæ magè flumen ames, oracla Jehovæ
Quæ placidè prætervehitur, veneranda, vocata,
Exaudi, Uranie, atque ingentibus annue cœptis:
Dum niſu inſolito ſurgens ſuper æthera pennis,
Supra anni ſoliſque vias, ſublimis Olympum
Deſpiciam; dicamque, audax, miracula rerum
Non audita aliàs, neque vatum dicta priorum
Carminibus, numeris unquam neque lege ſolutis.

* Eodem ſcilicet ſenſu, quo Virgilius de Niſo:
——— *et moriens animam abſtulit hoſti.*
Æneid. ix, v. 443.

Et Apoſt. ad Hebræos, II, 9——14.
Et imperium moriens morti abſtulit.
Dying he ſlew.———Dryden.

Tuque adeo, tibi dilectas qui deligis ædes
Cor purum, ſceleriſque vacans, tu, Spiritus, adſis!
Omnia nota tibi—Naſcentis ſemina mundi
Foviſti, præſens, vaſtum per inane coacta,
Et paſſis magnum, omniparens, genialibus alis
Maturâſti ovum. Tenebras de pectore, Diva,
Diſcutias; humilemque leves, & talibus auſis
Eſſe parem jubeas, dum juſtum atque omnibus æquum,
Æternum oſtendam Patrem, rerumque potentem.

S. SAY.

LETTER CXVIII.

Rev. Mr. SAY to Mr. ———.

DEAR SIR, March 1742-3.

IF you remember a converſation we had once at our common friend Mr. H——'s, you will never put any queſtion to me concerning a ſubject of which I am unwilling ever to think more, unleſs it be in reflections on the diſproportion between a finite and an infinite mind, and the improbability, that the one ſhould ever be in circumſtances, to judge of all the proceedings of the other.

I WAS glad, therefore, that in the letter you ent me, you put the queſtion in terms which made it eaſier to ſend you ſome kind of anſwer; for it will never be difficult to me, that an innocent being ſhould ſuffer, if the difficulty ariſes merely from

from the innocence, unleſs you ſuppoſe its ſufferings, upon the whole, to be greater than its enjoyments, or rewards.

As for the brute-creation, we know ſo little of their ſenſations, or the laws of Providence, by which they are governed, that I think it impoſſible for us to determine, whether this be the caſe with them, conſidered in the general. As to individuals, I think I ſhould chuſe to be a managed horſe, or a diſciplined dog, for a few months, that I might be the favourite of my maſter for all the reſt of my life: in the ſame manner as Paul of Tarſus ſaith to his young converts, expoſed to ſome degrees of perſecution, *If ye endure chaſtiſement*, or (as his words intend,) if ye are under paternal diſcipline, παιδεια, *God dealeth with you as with ſons.* And in fact, we ſee among ourſelves that the future and greater happineſs of the life of many a youth is owing to this wiſe and uſeful diſcipline.

THERE was a time, indeed, when under a wreck of every delightful idea, I was willing to catch at any fragment that might ſave me from ſinking, and endeavoured to perſuade myſelf that there never was a ſenſible or conſcious being, who, upon the whole of his exiſtence, ſhould not poſſeſs an over-balance of good to his evil, notwithſtanding the two different ſtates of good and bad men, which we believe hereafter, and I pleaſed myſelf with theſe lines:

——— ——— ——— For who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity;
To periſh rather; ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion?

Paradiſe Loſt, b. ii.

And yet (if we underſtand the words aright,) we muſt except one perſon at leaſt, concerning whom it is ſaid; *Good were it for that man if he had never been born.* But this ſingle inſtance, I perceive, you would not have allowed.

But whatever difficulties there are (as there are difficulties never to be thought of again by me) as to the general conduct of Providence, I could never think with you, that pain and ſufferings ought never, no, not in any one inſtance, to befall an innocent being, not though the joy, that ſhould be ſet before him as the reward of it ſhould be his own, and the joy of millions of other beings in conſequence of it, the higheſt pleaſure that a generous and godlike mind could propoſe to itſelf; or, to deſcend lower, while I am conſcious I owe the ſtrongeſt pleaſures of my life to preceding pains, and which nothing but thoſe pains could have put me into a capacity to enjoy. And with what reluctance ſoever I may ſuffer ſome preſent painful or ungrateful things, may I not have the ſame reaſon to ſay,

——*Forſan et* hæc *olim meminiſſe juvabit !*

HUNGER is pain, but a pain which the ſofteſt epicure would hardly be without. And the *Helluo librorum*, the man that is greedy of various knowledge, or ambitious of the higheſt poſts in the church or in the ſtate,

Multa tulit fecitque puer, ſudavit & alſit.

So that you ſeem to reaſon here againſt common ſenſe, and common practice,

Cum ventum ad verum eſt, ſenſus moreſque repugnant.

But to come nearer to you, let me only remind you, that nothing gives a greater, nothing, perhaps, an equal pleaſure, to acts of virtue, and the more ſo, the more difficult they are to be exerted, as in the nobler inſtances of continence, reſolution, fortitude, and a command over our ſtrongeſt inclinations and paſſions; without which there could be no ſuch thing as virtue, or the inward and eternal reward of a ſelf-approving mind

——— *Pulcherrima præmia primum,*
Dii moreſque dabunt veſtri.

Virg.

I CANNOT

I CANNOT conſent therefore that "juſtice" or "goodneſs" ſhould not permit the innocent to ſuffer in any inſtance whatever, or for any conſiderations.

Whether the Governor of the world could have attained the ſame ends, or given the ſame pleaſure, without the ſame previous pain in other inſtances, I know not; but not the ſame virtuous pleaſure, I imagine, without the ſame exerciſe of virtue, which, in ſome inſtances at leaſt, is its own reward.

THUS far I can venture to think, but no farther.

Yours, &c.

S. SAY.

May 27, 1743.

IN confirmation of what is advanced by the learned and pious author of the foregoing letter, (whom it pleaſed God to take to himſelf ſoon after the writing it *,) it may be farther obſerved; that there can be no temporal evil, but what may, upon the whole, tend to the advantage and happineſs of the ſufferer, ſuppoſing a Providence, a future ſtate, and the immortality of the ſoul. But, without thoſe principles, the ſtate and condition of mankind ſeem

* April 12, 1743.

ſeem to be the moſt wretched and forlorn of all creatures; and, if not true, the belief of them contributes at leaſt to our preſent happineſs. They, therefore, who endeavour to ſubvert theſe animating principles deſerve to be treated as enemies to human ſociety. Perhaps all thoſe natural evils, or moral obliquities, of which we ſo grievouſly complain, may be no ſtronger an objection to the rectitude of the whole ſyſtem, than hills and mountains are to the rotundity of the globe; and may anſwer various excellent purpoſes, though we are too ſhort-ſighted to diſcover them. "Vindictive juſtice" in the Deity is, I own, no article of my creed. All puniſhment in the hands of an infinitely wiſe and good Being, I think, muſt be medicinal, or what we call chaſtiſement.

THERE is a paſſage in Milton's maſk of Comus, which ſeems to compriſe the marrow of theology;

Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that, which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change,
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble.

What

What St. Paul ſpeaks more directly of the reconciliation both of Jews and Gentiles to God by Jeſus Chriſt, Romans xi, 32, *For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all*, I am willing to underſtand in a more extenſive ſenſe, of the general redemption of mankind, at the conſummation of all things. With what raptures of devotion muſt every one, who cheriſhes this generous doctrine, join with the apoſtle in the following pathetic exclamation: *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out!*

NOR will theſe ſentiments appear, on reflection, ſo contradictory to revelation, as they may perhaps, at firſt, be thought; for (as has been obſerved by a moſt excellent author *,) "he that threatens hath "ſtill the power of execution in his own hands. "And there is this remarkable difference between "promiſes and threatenings, that he who promiſes "paſſeth over a right to another, and thereby ſtands "obliged to him in juſtice and faithfulneſs to make "good his promiſe; and if he do not, the party to "whom the promiſe is made is not only diſappoint-"ed, but injuriouſly dealt withal: but in threaten-"ings it is quite otherwiſe. He that threatens keeps "the right of puniſhing in his own hand, and is not "obliged to execute what he hath threatened any "farther

* Archbiſhop Tillotſon, vol. i, fol. p. 413.

" farther than the reaſons and ends of government " do require: and he may, without any injury to " the party threatened, remit and abate as much as " he pleaſeth of the puniſhment that he hath threat- " ened: and becauſe in ſo doing he is not worſe but " better than his word, nobody can find fault, or " complain of any wrong or injuſtice thereby done " to him.

" NOR is this any impeachment of God's truth " and faithfulneſs, any more than it is eſteemed " among men a piece of falſhood not to do what " they have threatened. God did abſolutely " threaten the deſtruction of the city of Nineveh, " and his peeviſh prophet did underſtand the threat- " ening to be abſolute, and was very angry with " God for employing him in a meſſage that was " not made good. But God underſtood his own " right, and did what he pleaſed notwithſtanding " the threatening he had denounced, and for all " Jonah was ſo touched in honour that he had " rather have died himſelf than that Nineveh " ſhould not have been deſtroyed, only to have " verified his meſſage."

No certain judgment can be formed of the juſtice and goodneſs of God (more than of any other governor,) by a partial view of his diſpenſations. Before we can be qualified to cenſure his ways, we muſt take into the account not only the preſent ſhort

ſhort duration, but likewiſe the paſt and the future; and then it will be found, on ſumming up the whole, that his throne is founded on equity, and all his ways are righteouſneſs and truth.

If we take a ſummary view of the diſpenſations of God to mankind, it will evidently appear what little ground we have to complain of any want of goodneſs towards us.

He called us into being of his mere bounty, and has made us capable of a thouſand excellent qualities. He has ſpread all around us a great variety of ſenſible goods, which, when uſed with moderation, tend to prolong our life, and give us, at the ſame time, the moſt agreeable ſenſations. So indulgently has he blended the delightful with the uſeful! He hath made known to us, both by reaſon and revelation, the methods whereby we may render ourſelves acceptable to him, and become happy both here and hereafter. The commandments, to which he enjoins our obedience, are all calculated for our benefit; *for a man cannot be profitable to his Maker.* Theſe commandments require little more of us than what the voice of reaſon dictates; and are all eaſy to be performed, 'till we have corrupted ourſelves by vicious habits. Theſe depraved habits may be reformed; and God is not implacable, but will accept of our ſincere repentance: and, after this life is ended, he will convey the virtuous and truly

truly penitent to manſions of everlaſting glory. They indeed, who obſtinately refuſe to be converted, ſhall ſuffer puniſhment proportionable to their offences, and ſuch as the rules of juſtice and equity dictate. And this the order of God's government, the reverence due to his laws, the benefit and final converſion of the offenders themſelves, and the improvement of other moral agents, manifeſtly require.

ABSOLUTE indefectibility, or an incapacity of deviating in any inſtance from the rule of right, is probably one of the incommunicable perfections of the Deity; and, if that be the caſe, to require a creature not ſubject to error, grief, or pain, is to require an impoſſibility: but if, upon the whole, the good overbalances the evil, that ſurplus of happineſs muſt be aſcribed to the free grace or benevolence of God.

THE celebrated Bayle employed his laſt hours in raiſing objections againſt the juſtice and goodneſs of the Governor of the world, which he has diſplayed in the moſt artful manner imaginable: and it is to be feared, that his writings have contributed to drive many a thoughtful man, of a melancholy complection, into deſpair. In how different a ſtrain does the divine Epictetus (for ſo, I think, he may be juſtly called,) diſcourſe of the ways of God, of the diſpoſition of his own heart, of the thoughts and employments in which he would be glad to be

ſeized

ſeized by death. "For my own part," (ſays he,) "I wiſh death may overtake me wholly employed "in correcting my will, that I may be free from "all terror, diſentangled from all cares and paſ- "ſions, and ready to obey his ſummons without "reluctance. So that I may then be able to ad- "dreſs myſelf to God in this manner:

"HAVE I, in any inſtance, tranſgreſſed thy "laws? Have I neglected the opportunities of "of doing good, which thou haſt afforded me? "Have I miſemployed my faculties or my under- "ſtanding? Did I ever accuſe thee, or arraign "thy government? I have been ſick, becauſe it "was thy pleaſure: others have been ſick too, "but I without repining. I have lived in a ſtate "of poverty, becauſe it was thy will; but content "and eaſy. I have not been a magiſtrate, becauſe "thou did'ſt not ſee fit it ſhould be ſo; nor have "I deſired to be one. Did'ſt thou ever behold me "more melancholy on this account, or have I ever "addreſſed thee with a countenance leſs chearful? "I am ready to obey, or to ſuffer whatever thou "ſhalt ordain. Is it thy will, that I ſhould now "quit this grand theatre? I am content to quit it; "and return thee all poſſible thanks for deigning to "admit me to be a ſpectator of this glorious ſcene "of thy works, and for giving me ſuch a ſenſe of thy "overruling Providence. May death ſeize me medi- "tating, writing, or reading ſuch things as theſe!"

Epictetus, as quoted by Arrian, b. iii, c. 5.

ABSTRACT-

ABSTRACTING from theſe words a little of the Stoical pride, with which they are tinctured, and underſtanding them in a qualified ſenſe, there is no conſiderate man but would wiſh to die with ſuch ſentiments. At leaſt, nothing can be more juſt than the general maxim of this philoſopher, that it is the intereſt, as well as duty, of every one to be found at the hour of death, fulfilling the taſk aſſigned him by Providence, grateful for the bleſſings he has received in life, and entirely reſigned to the will of his wiſe Creator.

W. D.

LETTER CXIX.

Counteſs of HERTFORD* to the Rev. Dr. BURNET†.

SIR, Oct. 1744.

I AM very ſenſibly obliged by the very kind compaſſion you expreſs for me under my heavy affliction‡. The meditations you have favoured me with afford the ſtrongeſt motives for conſolation that can be offered to a perſon under my unhappy circum-

* See note on letter cvii.

† Prebendary of Saliſbury, and rector of Weſt-kington, Wilts.

‡ The death of her ladyſhip's only ſon, George lord viſcount Beauchamp, at Bologna in Italy, Sept. 11, 1744.

circumſtances. The dear lamented ſon I have loſt, was the pride and joy of my heart, but I hope I may be the more eaſily excuſed for having looked on him in this light, ſince he was not ſo from the outward advantages he poſſeſſed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The proſpects which flattered me in regard to him were not drawn from his diſtinguiſhed rank, or from the beauty of his perſon, but from the hopes that his example would have been ſerviceable to the cauſe of virtue, and would have ſhown the younger part of the world, that it was poſſible to be chearful without being fooliſh or vicious, and to be religious without ſeverity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted courſe of duty and obedience to his parents, and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies which muſt rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conſcience did not reproach him with any preſumptuous ſins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he reſigned his innocent ſoul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of the birth-day which completed him nineteen. You will not be ſurpriſed, ſir, that the death of ſuch a ſon ſhould occaſion the deepeſt ſorrow, yet, at the ſame time, it leaves us the moſt comfortable aſſurance that he is far happier than our fondeſt wiſhes could have made him, which muſt enable us to ſupport the remainder of years, which it ſhall pleaſe God to allot for us here, without murmuring

muring or diſcontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourſelves to follow him in that happy place whither our dear valuable child is gone before us.

I BEG the continuance of your prayers; and am, Sir,

Yours,

F. HERTFORD.

LETTER CXX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR, Firth-ſtreet, December 1, 1748.

THE laſt time I was with you, I took notice, that Mr. Addiſon (in the *Spectator*, numb. 40,) had, to the beſt of my remembrance, miſrepreſented Ariſtotle's ſentiments, in ſome particulars, relating to tragedy.

Now, that you may judge for yourſelf, I will tranſcribe Ariſtotle's words, with the remark of M. Dacier; which you may, at your leiſure, compare with the above-mentioned *Spectator*. "The "end and deſign of tragedy, (ſays he) is to excite "pity and terror. From hence it follows, that "we ought not to repreſent a 'very good man' as "falling from proſperity into great afflictions; for "this,

" this, inſtead of exciting pity and terror, will
" raiſe horror; which is condemned by all. More-
" over, we ought not to repreſent the misfortunes
" of a 'very wicked man.' This, indeed, may
" give us ſome pleaſure, but it will neither raiſe
" fear nor pity, in perſons of a virtuous character:
" for the firſt is chiefly raiſed by the misfortunes
" of thoſe who are like ourſelves; and the latter
" by the afflictions of ſuch as ſeem to deſerve a
" better fate. The only proper ſubject then for
" tragedy, is a perſon of a mixed character, nei-
" ther very good, nor very bad; who does not
" draw his misfortunes on himſelf by any enormous
" crime; but becomes unhappy by infirmities, or
" ſome involuntary fault.

" It follows from hence, that tragedy ought
" rather to end with the ill, than with the good,
" fortune of the principal characters, provided
" this unhappineſs be the conſequence of ſome
" great fault, and not the natural effect of notori-
" ous crimes. In a word, the ſum of what I have
" been ſaying is, that the poet ſhould deſcribe the
" misfortunes of a man, who is neither bad nor
" good, but if he cannot find a character exactly
" ſuch, let his good qualities preponderate his bad
" ones *."

Ariſtotle's Poetics, c. 13.

DACIER's

* No one has done more juſtice to this firſt and beſt of critics than a late eſſayiſt, in oppoſition to " the faſhionable and
" nauſeous

DACIER's REMARK.

" Ariſtotle rightly here obſerves, that the mis-
" fortunes of a man ſuperior to others in virtue
" cannot excite either fear or pity, but will raiſe
" horror. Conſequently, the misfortunes of ſuch
" a one cannot refine the paſſions, for the audience,
" when they find that virtue makes us unhappy,
" will be driven into deſpair. Why, indeed,
" ſhould we take pains to correct the paſſions, if
" thoſe who guide them by reaſon, are no leſs
" wretched than the vicious; and if virtue itſelf
" plunges us into miſery?

" SURELY, therefore, this precept of Ariſtotle,
" by which he forbids his poet to make a very
" good man unhappy, is juſt and true."

Thus far Dacier.

IN

" nauſeous petulance of ſeveral impertinent moderns, who
" have attempted to diſcredit this great and uſeful writer." Of
the " Poetics" in particular he obſerves, that " they ſeem to
" have been written for the uſe of that prince with whoſe edu-
" cation Ariſtotle was honoured, to give him a juſt taſte in read-
" ing Homer and the tragedians. . . . . To attempt to un-
" derſtand poetry without having diligently digeſted this trea-
" tiſe, would be as abſurd and impoſſible, as to pretend to a
" ſkill in geometry, without having ſtudied Euclid. The
" 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters, wherein he has pointed out
" the propereſt methods of exciting 'terror' and 'pity,' con-
" vince us, that he was intimately acquainted with thoſe ob-
" jects which moſt forcibly affect the heart. The prime excel-
" lence of this precious treatiſe is, the ſcholaſtic preciſion, and
" philoſophical cloſeneſs, with which the ſubject is handled,
" without any addreſs to the paſſions or imagination. It is to
" be lamented, that the part of the Poetics in which he had
" given precepts for comedy, did not likewiſe deſcend to poſ-
" terity." Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 170.

In regard to the difference of opinion between Ariſtotle and Addiſon, I ſhall only ſay, with the ſhepherd in Virgil,

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

However, though Addiſon was at liberty to have ſhown (if he could) that the rule here laid down by the philoſopher, has no foundation in nature or in reaſon, (for though his *ipſe dixit* formerly ſwayed the whole chriſtian world, authors cannot now avail themſelves of it,) yet, I think, it is by no means allowable to preſs (if I may ſo ſpeak) a venerable name into our party, againſt the plain and obvious meaning of his own words.

The late duke of Buckingham has copied, in his *Eſſay on Poetry*, the rule here laid down by Ariſtotle:

Reject that vulgar error, which appears
So fair, of making perfect characters:
There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs monſter, which the world ne'er ſaw;
There muſt be faults that his misfortunes drew;
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.

The players, in general, are very fond of this "perfect character" (as the duke of B. calls it) becauſe

becauſe it makes them ſhine, as they think, in the eyes of the audience.

Yours ſincerely,

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER CXXI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS*.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 3, 1748-9.

THE ingenious author of Clariſſa has, in a poſtſcript annexed to his laſt volume, endeavoured to juſtify his conduct in making a very virtuous character unhappy, by the authority of Ariſtotle and Addiſon; on which occaſion, I ſent the incloſed letter † to our common friend, Mr. Highmore. But there are ſome paſſages in Ariſtotle himſelf, which, if rightly tranſlated, [for I have not the original by me,] I am at a loſs to reconcile.

FOR example: "A perſon of ſuch a character "as is a proper ſubject for tragedy, muſt [he ſays] "draw his misfortunes on himſelf by 'ſome involuntary fault."

* See note on letter xcii.

† See the foregoing.

Now, I think, there can be no "fault" at all, without the concurrence of the will; and conſequently, that an "involuntary fault" is a contradiction in terms.

AFTERWARDS he ſays, that "this unhappineſs "muſt be the conſequcnce of ſome 'great fault,' "but not of a 'notorious crime." As you have formerly read lectures on Horace, I beg you'll read a lecture to me on Ariſtotle, and explain the preciſe difference between "fault" and "crime." Ariſtotle aſſerts, "that the end of tragedy is to purge and "refine the paſſions;" and afterwards adds, that "this can be no other way effected than by exciting "pity or terror:" but why is not "admiration" a fit object of tragedy? Surely this tends to diſcountenance all low purſuits, and to excite a noble emulation, which I ſhould call "refining of "the paſſions."

BUT if [upon the authority of Ariſtotle] we muſt not ſtyle ſuch plays as Cato and Heroic Love, tragedies; they are, at leaſt, [as Mr. Pope ſpeaks of his own paſtorals *] "ſomething better."

As Ariſtotle formed his rules for epic poetry from the Iliad and Odyſſey, I am apt to think, his canons for the drama were drawn from the tragedies then extant; which he conſidered as ſtandards of perfection.

* In the Guardian, vol. i, numb. 40.

perfection. He ſays, that "to repreſent a very "good man as falling from proſperity into great "afflictions, is apt to excite 'horror,' and therefore "condemned by all." The reaſon of its exciting "horror," I take to be, that ſuch ſubjects tend to impeach the juſtice of Providence. This is very rational; but how ſhall we reconcile his recommending the character of Oedipus, as a perfect model for tragedy, with this maxim? Can any thing be more apt to excite "horror," and to drive man into deſpair, than to ſee ſo virtuous a perſon, as Oedipus is repreſented to be, [a man adorned with every princely and heroic quality] plunged into ſuch terrible calamities by an abſolute decree of the gods, made before he was born, and without any fault of his own? He killed his father indeed; but ignorantly, in a rencounter, and merely in his own defence. He married his mother; but did not ſuſpect ſhe was his mother, nor had any reaſon to think ſo. What juſt grounds, therefore, can there be for thoſe terrible complaints of his wickedneſs? The reproach he caſts on the gods, in Dryden, is ſurely more reaſonable;

"Impute my errors to your own decree;
"My hands are guilty, but my heart is free;"

which is juſt ſuch a ſort of guilt, as the knife, that had killed an ox, offered as a victim to the gods, was puniſhed for, of old, by the Cretans and Athenians, as Porphyry relates; and becauſe there is ſomething droll in the ſtory, I will ſtop and tell it

you. "Preparatory to the ſacrifice, they choſe "ſome maid of an unblemiſhed character, to carry "a veſſel of water, to moiſten the grind-ſtone, on "which the axe and knife were to be ground and "ſharpened. After they were whet by a man pre- "pared for that purpoſe, he delivered the axe to "a ſecond, and the knife to a third perſon. The "ſecond ſtruck down the ox, and the third cut his "throat. Afterwards, flaying the beaſt, they all "fed upon the fleſh. Then they ſtuffed the ſkin "with hay, and, tacking it together, ſet him "upon his feet in an erect poſture, and faſtened a "plough to him, as if he were going to work. A "formal proceſs was now carried on againſt all the "perſons acceſſary to his death, and they were "called upon to defend themſelves. The virgins "pleaded that they only carried the water, and "accuſed the man that delivered the inſtruments; "he, the man that knocked down the ox; and he, "the man that cut his throat; and the laſt perſon "impeached the knife itſelf; which, becauſe it "was refractory, and refuſed to plead, was unani- "mouſly found guilty, and accordingly condemned "to be plunged into the ſea and drowned."

Porphyrius de abſtineniiâ ab animalibus necandis, lib. ii, ſ. 30.

PORPHYRY relates this ſtory to ſhow, that thoſe, who firſt ſlew tame animals, were conſcious they had committed a wicked and immoral action, and

and therefore made uſe of this fantaſtical expedient to acquit themſelves of the guilt of it.

But to return to Oedipus; the ills that he commits are, throughout the whole play, aſcribed entirely to the uncontroulable decree of fate. Thus, act ii, ſcene 2d, Tireſias ſays to him,

" Thou art entangled in the ſnare
" Of winding fate."

Again, in the ſame ſcene,

" The fate that raiſ'd thee, but prepar'd thy
" ruin."

To which Opedipus generouſly anſwers,

" If ſaving Thebes I fall, then welcome ruin."

But ſuch noble ſentiments make his ſufferings appear the more ſhocking.

Oedipus himſelf ſays, in act iii, ſcene 4th,

" Whoever dares think freely, all the guilt
" Muſt to the partial gods and fate aſcribe,
" And me acquit as guiltleſs."

This is no rant, but ſober truth.

In the laſt act, ſcene the 3d, Oedipus declares, " he is well aſſured, it was not in the power of

" ſickneſs, or any accident, to cut him off, till he " had accompliſhed all the ills he was born to ful- " fill." Is it not therefore evident, (as was obſerved before,) that " Oedipus" and the " knife" were equally guilty? All the difference is, one was an " inanimate," and the other a " conſcious," machine. And what rational ground can there be for all thoſe repeated complaints of his enormous crimes?

It may now perhaps be aſked, " What then is the moral of this play?" Plainly no more than this, viz. To impreſs on the minds of the populace the higheſt veneration for the truth and veracity of oracles, by ſhowing the fatal effects of neglecting to obey their ſacred commands.

The magiſtrates (under whoſe direction the ſtage then was,) might probably think this a very important " political" moral; and ſo indeed, I believe, it was, in thoſe times: for it is to be preſumed, from ſeveral ſtories in hiſtory, that the civil government had a great influence over the prieſts, who preſided in the temples, where oracles were delivered, and by theſe means, they became uſeful inſtruments to keep the people in due obedience. How liable the oracles were to be corrupted, by wealth and power, is evident from ancient hiſtory.

Demosthenes, ſenſible of this great truth, ſays, " The Pythian Philippiſes;" complaining, that

that the oracle of Apollo at Delphi was always partial to Philip.

" CLEOMENES, one of the kings of Sparta," (as Herodotus relates in his 6th book) " being de-
" ſirous to have Demaratus, the other king, de-
" poſed, pretended that he was not the ſon of
" Ariſton, his predeceſſor; and that Ariſton him-
" ſelf had confeſſed that his wife was delivered of
" him before her time. Hereupon the Spartans de-
" termined to enquire of the oracle at Delphi, whe-
" ther Demaratus were the ſon of Ariſton, or not.
" But, before this reſolution was divulged, Cleo-
" menes had pre-engaged Cobon, the ſon of Ariſ-
" tophantus; who, being a perſon of great autho-
" rity in Delphi, prevailed upon Perialla, the arch-
" prieſteſs, to give ſuch an anſwer as Cleomenes
" deſired. So that when the Spartans came to con-
" ſult the oracle, the Pythian pronounced Dema-
" ratus not to be the ſon of Ariſton. By theſe ar-
" tifices, Cleomenes carried his point, and Dema-
" ratus was depoſed. The colluſion being after-
" wards diſcovered, Cobon fled from Delphi, and
" Perialla was deprived of her dignity."

MANY other ſtories of the like kind might be cited from hiſtory. But the fatality of events, ſo ſtrongly inculcated in Oedipus, (how well ſoever it may ſerve the purpoſe of the Athenians) is utterly ſubverſive of all true religion and virtue. " How
" then comes this play to be ſo generally applaud-
" ed?" I doubt, we are apt to admire the writings of

the ancients implicitly and in the lump, as we take the principles of our religion from our fore-fathers upon truſt, and without ſifting too narrowly into the grounds and reaſons of them. However, tho' the moral is wrong, it muſt be allowed that the *denoûment*, as the French call it, or the unravelling of the plot, in this play, is conducted with great art and addreſs: particularly, in the 4th ſcene of act iii, between Oedipus and Jocaſta, where all the circumſtances ſhe produces to ſatisfy him it was impoſſible he ſhould be the perſon who had killed Laius, tend to raiſe and confirm his jealouſy and ſuſpicion of it: and alſo in the 5th ſcene of act iv, between Oedipus and the ſhepherd, which no one can ſee or read without being extremely affected, and ſympathizing with the virtuouſly-wretched king.

I WOULD not have you think, that I affect to dogmatiſe in this letter: on the contrary, I only open my thoughts freely, that you may be tempted to ſet me right, and correct the errors of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

W. D.

P. S. In the Ajax of Sophocles, act iv, ſcene 4, Tecmeſſa, the miſtreſs of Ajax, on occaſion of his terrible calamities, makes this reflection,

" The daughter of great Jove, avenging Pallas,
" Inflicts theſe ills to gratify Ulyſſes."

On

On this Mr. Jackſon, the tranſlator, makes the following juſt remark: " It ſeems unworthy of the " Divine Nature, that the gods ſhould take ſuch " part with the perverſeneſs of our paſſions, as to " puniſh one man only to gratify the malice of ano- " ther. But this is one ill effect of the machinery " of the ancient poets, (though very ornamental) " where the gods are repreſented every moment " deſcending and mixing with the affairs of human " life. In Homer there is ſcarce a ſtone or javelin " caſt, or an arrow ſhot, that is not 'directed,' " or 'turned aſide,' by ſome god. What miſe- " rable wooden puppets upon wires are the heroes " all the while! How much more noble is the " Chriſtian ſyſtem of Providence, where though " there is a conſtant care of us, that accompanies " the whole courſe of our lives, yet man is ſtill " left in the dignity of a free agent!"

THE devout madam Dacier would have curſed Mr. Jackſon by bell, book, and candle, for daring thus to blaſpheme her adored Homer; nor would ſhe have been much more favourable to the earl of Roſcommon for theſe lines,

" Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded
" gods,
" Make ſome ſuſpect he 'ſnores,' as well as
" nods."

LETTER CXXII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Brook-ſtreet, Feb. 21, 1748-9.

YOURS of the third inſtant has been unanſwered till now, on the account of many more avocations than I could have expected. If Clariſſa is unfortunate, without being criminal, or ſo much as faulty, ſhe ſtands condemned, in my opinion, by right reaſon, no leſs than by the doctrine of Ariſtotle, ſo well explained in your letter* to Mr. Highmore; for I ſhould think that thoſe diſpenſations which confirm ſome atheiſts, make others, puzzle the wiſe, and ſhock the good, can anſwer no deſirable end in books calculated (as all works of invention ſhould be) for delight, or inſtruction, or both. We muſt account, in the beſt manner we can, for the dark diſpenſations of Providence recorded in hiſtory, which we find too often there, to wiſh for them elſewhere: however, as misfortunes are the proper ſubject for tragedy, and the innocent are protected from them by poetical juſtice, they muſt be the natural reſult of faults, and ſometimes of crimes, provided thoſe crimes are not flagitious. The ſufferer therefore is to be virtuous, but frail, or, at the worſt, partly bad, and partly good, and, upon the whole, more good than bad; and, if this mixed character

* See letter cxxv.

character is required to move pity and terror, there ſeems to be no occaſion for the diſtinction between "fault" and "crime," explained as above; the difference between them (though poſſibly not ſo preciſe as you may expect) I apprehend to be this: The intention of the will is eſſential to a crime; for example; if I kill a man, walking under my window, by dropping a ſtone out of it, at a venture, or an offending ſervant, by ſtriking him an unlucky blow, the fault, in both caſes, is obvious; but, as in the firſt, I did not deſign ſo much as the ſtroke, and, in the laſt, I deſigned the ſtroke only, but not its effect, I have not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, committed a "crime," but an "involuntary "fault;" that is, the actions themſelves were voluntary, but not their conſequences. If, (to proceed a ſtep farther) tranſported with rage, upon ſome ſudden and grievous provocation, I kill the offender deſignedly, afterwards repent very heartily, and am a good man in the main, and more unhappy in the ſenſe of my guilt, than the ſentence of the law can make me, this is certainly a "crime," but not a "notorious one;" and, being attended with the circumſtances above-named, deſerves compaſſion. The caſe is otherwiſe, if I deſtroy a man in cold blood; ſo that, to ſpeak in the language of our law, chance-medley, or man-ſlaughter, may be an object of pity, but not murder; and in all caſes whatſoever, as well as in thoſe I have ſpecified, it will depend upon the circumſtances of the fact, call

it

it "fault," "crime," or what you pleaſe, to determine the compaſſion due to him who has committed it, and the terror naturally ariſing from its puniſhment.

You aſk "why 'admiration' (which Ariſtotle "chuſes to derive from 'heroic poetry') is not a "proper object of tragedy?" The anſwer is, that excited, as it ought to be, by great and worthy actions, it gives our imagination a "lofty" turn, whereas tragedy is a leſſon of "humility," by expoſing the foibles of our nature, bringing the misfortunes of others home to ourſelves, exciting terror and compaſſion, and thereby ſtriking at the root of ſin and miſery, which is "pride;" of which it is truly ſaid by Roſcommon,

"Pride, of all others the moſt dangerous fault,
"Proceeds from want of ſenſe or want of
"thought."

Under the dominion of this fault we can never judge righteouſly between ourſelves and others, or ſet a true value upon perſons and things; we are ſelfiſh, unjuſt, blind, and hard-hearted; engage in abſurd purſuits, and miſtake wealth, equipage, titles, and rank, for happineſs; in a word, our admiration has taken an immoral turn, and we cannot be edified by Cato or Heroic Love, till we are firſt humbled by the Orphan.

If "refining the paſſions" means (as I underſtand it) regulating the meaſures of them, and fixing them on their proper objects; and if pride is an invincible obſtacle to our obtaining that ſalutary end, it follows that the correction of that pride, by pity and terror, is the beſt, if not the only method of refining our paſſions in general, and thoſe two in particular. To do Ariſtotle juſtice, he ſeems to have laid his foundation very deep; and the whole moral diſpenſatory affords no remedy ſo univerſal and efficacious, as his recipe for purging the paſſions; ſo that if the regimen, which ſubdues an ill habit of body, and eſtabliſhes its health, is preferable to the cure of a fever, a dropſy, or any particular diſeaſe, I cannot doubt but that what extirpates pride, and inſtils humanity, is more meritorious than the puniſhment of vice, or the moſt illuſtrious patterns of virtue. It is admitted that, upon this plan, many excellent tragedies have been written, but they are not the tragedies, for which Ariſtotle has laid down his rules; on the contrary, they belong, as I obſerved before, to another ſpecies of poetry; and accordingly our Engliſh tragedies in rhyme, which frequently deal in characters of that ſtamp, are ſtyled "heroic," and were formerly the favourite entertainments on our ſtage, as they ſtill are on the French; where you often meet with a young heroine, ſacrificing a true and tender paſſion to the duty ſhe owes her king, her country,

or

or her parents. And to theſe "triumphs over na-"ture," (as lord Bacon calls them) our neighbours, now and then, add the triumphs of "grace;" but ſurely with no deſign to move pity or terror; for who can pity, in La Motte, the Maccabees and their mother, or be terrified by the torments to which they ſubmit with alacrity? And if ſuch tranſcendent efforts of religion are propoſed as examples to be followed by an audience under the like circumſtances, I fear the poet had a better opinion of his countrymen, than we have reaſon to have of ours. But not to digreſs any longer, I find my letter of ſuch a length, that I ſhall defer for a few days what I have to ſay to your objections againſt Oedipus: they make the greateſt part of your letter, but mine in anſwer to them will, I believe, take up much leſs room than that which I now end, by aſſuring you that I am, dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER CXXIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Brook-ſtreet, Feb. 28, 1748-9.

IN anſwer to part of your very entertaining letter, I wrote to you laſt week, and am now, according to promiſe, to conſider the remainder. As ſeveral of the ancient tragedies will not ſtand the teſt of Ariſtotle's rules, they could ſcarce be regarded by him as "ſtandards of perfection;" but others again were written more or leſs according to thoſe rules, or rather gave birth to them, as every language does to its own grammar. And, I think, Oedipus is ſingled out by him as a maſterpiece, ſo that if your objections againſt it hold good, he is demoliſhed all at once, for recommending a piece written in violation of his own doctrine. But in order to clear this point, I would obſerve, that, upon all theatres, the received ſyſtem of religion and morality, however erroneous, abſurd, or impious, in a philoſophical view, is the only rule by which a tragic poet can walk, for the ſame reaſon that the only way to convince a man, is by arguing with him upon his own principles. The ancient oracles are now exploded as ſo many impoſtures, and yet were held in the higheſt veneration for ſeveral ages, inſomuch that the contempt of them was accounted a ſin of the deepeſt die. The doctrine of abſolute predeſtination is utterly ſubverſive

ſive of all true religion and virtue, and yet it was a received doctrine among the heathens; the Mahometans embrace it univerſally: ſeveral Chriſtians do the ſame; and you will meet with ſomething a-kin to it in the nine and thirty articles. The difficulty of reconciling it with the morality of human actions is a riddle which Oedipus himſelf could not have ſolved: and yet a jury of predeſtinarians, inſtead of acquitting a murderer, would alledge, that the ſame neceſſity which made him offend, obliged them to find him guilty. Another ſtumbling block to reaſon is, that God ſhould viſit the ſins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation*; and "who could bear "[ſays Tully] a legiſlator who ſhould be the "author of ſuch a law?" The ſupreme Legiſlator himſelf is that author, according to the ancients; and the ſame doctrine is inculcated every Sunday upon us, though particularly levelled [as I take it] at ſuch offences, as may be conſtrued affronts to the Divine Majeſty, ſuch as idolatry, blaſphemy, ſacrilege, perjury, &c. By theſe laws, let us try Oedipus: his father; Laius, marries in contradiction to the oracle; his mother, Jocaſta, determines to defeat it, by expoſing him to be devoured by wild beaſts; he fulfils it, by killing him and marrying her, without knowing his relation to them; knows it afterwards, kills himſelf, and thereby frees his country from the plague, that had long annoyed it on

* See a note on letter vii, vol. i.

on the account of his involuntary parricide and inceſt. In this ſketch, the firſt object that ſtrikes one, is that terrible doctrine of abſolute predeſtination: theſe events were to take place by ſome means or other, if not by thoſe which actually brought them about; for if thoſe very means were decreed, as well as their end, we are to look for the neceſſity of that end in its equally neceſſary means; whence it follows, that the publication of this oracle was the ſole cauſe of its accompliſhment; for if Jocaſta had been a ſtranger to it, ſhe would not have taken the meaſures ſhe did to elude it, by devoting her infant-ſon to deſtruction; the ſhepherd would not have found him; and ſo on to the death of Laius, &c. This ſuppoſition perplexes the caſe not a little; and yet without it, and admitting Oedipus to be brought up under his father's eye, it is inconceivable that a man of his character ſhould kill him, and much more ſo, that he ſhould marry his mother. But, not to loſe ourſelves in "winding fate," Laius marrying in contempt of the oracle, and Jocaſta pretending to get the better of deſtiny itſelf, though at the expence of murdering her own ſon, are grievous offenders, and puniſhed both in themſelves, and in that ſon, who, notwithſtanding his innocence, is condemned by the laws, that is, by the religion of his country, even though his calamity had, in the courſe of affairs, been independent on the guilt of his parents; whereas here, to qualify it ſtill more, there is ſo cloſe a connection between them, that they cannot

be

be ſeparated; a conſideration, which, in other caſes, as well as thoſe of parents and children, will, by way of exception to a general rule, reconcile us to the diſtreſs of the innocent, occaſioned by their attachment to the guilty: Monimia, for inſtance, is entirely innocent, and yet, though her death moves pity, and ſtrikes terror, we behold it without repining at Providence; her deſtiny is united to that of Caſtalio; ſo that the natural conſequences of his fault are the ruin of both: by involving her in that ruin, he is puniſhed ſtill more ſeverely, than if he had ſuffered alone; the ſenſe of her misfortunes is more grievous to her than death itſelf, which ſhe therefore chuſes as the leaſt of two evils; it is her refuge, and not her puniſhment. But, without ſome ſuch reaſon as this, and in utter defiance of poetical juſtice, to kill an innocent perſon, as Shakeſpear does Cordelia, is "murder," properly ſo called; and therefore I cannot help thinking it horrible and ſhocking. To proceed; if Monimia had reaſon to be weary of life, Oedipus had ſtill more, and though you ſhould truly ſay that the act of killing his father was no crime in him, neither was it a reflection upon Providence to ſuffer it; for Providence had given warning, which Laius neglecting, fell by the hand of his ſon: the ſon, indeed, finding what he had done, breaks out, as you obſerve, into "terrible complaints of his wickedneſs," but not in cold blood; he ſpeaks the language of deſpair and diſtraction, and is ſo much the more ready to accuſe himſelf, as a caſuiſt will

be

be to acquit him; for let any man of virtue and ſenſibility reflect, what it would be to imbrue his hands, though by miſtake, in the blood of his father; and then for ſeveral years to live in inceſt with his mother; ſuch a one will eaſily imagine, that the remorſe and anguiſh attending theſe ſhocking facts would purſue him to his grave. Here then we have an innocent man not puniſhed as guilty, but unhappy by a natural conſequence of guilt in his parents, and relieved from his ſufferings by death, which at the ſame time relieves his afflicted country. To your better judgment I ſubmit how far theſe conſiderations ought to juſtify the misfortunes of Oedipus, blameleſs as he is in Dryden, in La Motte, and, I believe, in Corneille; but I much queſtion whether he be ſo in Sophocles, for Rymer, ſpeaking of him there, cries, "*Quantum* "*mutatus* in Corneille and Dryden!" "He is "changed, (ſays Dennis) and for the worſe, in re- "gard to the laws of tragedy, by being repre- "ſented, (what he calls) ſovereignly virtuous;" whereas, in Sophocles, he is made reſponſible for great foibles and blemiſhes of his own, and more particularly (if I remember right) is charged with having miſbehaved himſelf in the very rencounter with Laius: and that (if it be the caſe) will probably be of more weight, than any thing I have written, to invalidate your objections.

At our leiſure, we will examine Sophocles as to this point; in the mean time I am to aſk your pardon

don for a letter ſo much longer than that with which I threatened you, but I wanted time to make it ſhorter. . . . .

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

REMARKS,

Occaſioned by the three foregoing letters,

By Mr. HIGHMORE.

MR. D. ſuppoſes Oedipus a man of great and eminent virtues in general, and alſo to have acted worthily, even commendably, in the rencounter with Laius, and not inconſiſtently with the ſtricteſt morality in his marriage with Jocaſta; in the former caſe, defending himſelf againſt the unmerited inſult of a ſtranger, as he thought; in the latter, eſpouſing a perſon of ſuitable rank, and ignorant of her relationſhip. According to this repreſentation, he ſeems no way guilty, and ought to be treated by all the world, as an innocent perſon, and, in right reaſon, to eſteem himſelf as ſuch.

THAT he killed his father and married his mother, where after-diſcoveries; ſo that the parricide and inceſt, with which he is charged, were facts,

facts, in which he was no more concerned, as a moral and accountable agent, than any indifferent perſon, who bore no relation to them. Thus far I apprehend to be clear and indiſputable, on the genuine principles of natural and rational religion; for otherwiſe, the moſt upright, the moſt religious, and even the moſt circumſpect perſon in the world may not be able to preſerve his innocence, but may become culpable by accidents wholly out of his power, and impoſſible for him to know or foreſee: than which nothing can be more diſcouraging to a man reſolved on virtue, and endeavouring to render himſelf acceptable to the Deity: for if the beſt intentions, and an uniform courſe of action on the beſt principles, are not ſufficient, virtue becomes impracticable.

If Mr. D's be not a true repreſentation of the caſe and circumſtances of Oedipus, that does not affect the reaſoning above, which will nevertheleſs be applicable to the caſe here repreſented.

Mr. Jeffreys's repreſentation takes in all the circumſtances, and ſituation of Oedipus; as, the prediction of the oracle, his father's marrying in defiance of it, his mother's attempt to elude it, and prevent the threatened conſequences, by expoſing him to deſtruction. And, after theſe crimes of his parents, follow, his killing Laius, and living in inceſt with Jocaſta, whom he now diſcovers to be his father and mother. All this overwhelms him, and

and he ſees his misfortunes to be inevitable, on the principles of the religion and laws of his country, in which he had been educated, and for which he (as well as his fellow citizens) was ſuppoſed to have the higheſt veneration. Thus ſituated, and entangled in theſe calamities perhaps he could not act otherwiſe than he did, eſpecially as his death was thought a neceſſary expiatory ſacrifice to relieve his country from the plague. But ſurely theſe conſiderations ought not to have weight elſewhere, under other and more rational principles, or become a rule and ſtandard univerſally. His conduct, in theſe laſt ſcenes, was evidently owing to prejudices of education, &c.—for, ſuppoſing all ſuch removed, and that an innocent man (as he really was) reſolved to act on the principles of right reaſon, might he not conſider the death of his father as providential, or as a puniſhment from heaven for his crimes, and as effected by the hand of a ſtranger; and, with reſpect to himſelf, as a natural loſs only? As for Jocaſta, ſhe was his lawful wife while he was ignorant of the relationſhip; and, as ſoon as he became ſenſible of it, he ſhould have quitted her. Q. Whether, all prejudice and cuſtoms laid aſide, he might not have acted thus? And, though he could not have been ſo happy as if none of theſe events had come to paſs, yet he might have been leſs unhappy than many others of the human ſpecies, particularly than ſuch as are conſcious of real guilt, and whoſe misfortunes do not make

them

them think death preferable to life. The opinion of the world is out of the caſe; for that is ſuppoſed here, as conformable to the reaſon of things, as is the opinion of the perſon in queſtion; and, for the ſame reaſon, glory will not be any motive to quit life.

As for Monimia, and others abſolutely innocent, being involved in the miſery, procured by the guilt of thoſe, to whom they may be either by nature, choice, or otherwiſe indiſſolubly attached, theſe are, of all others, the moſt to be pitied and lamented; but are no examples from which any moral can be drawn of uſe to ſuch as may be in like circumſtances, becauſe their misfortunes being utterly inevitable, and brought on them by no crime of their own, can be no proper warning to any; and to ſay that Caſtalio and other guilty perſons are more ſeverely puniſhed by the effects of their crimes, reaching to the innocent, how true ſoever this may be in fact, yet equity would revolt at it, and chuſe ſome other means of puniſhing the criminal with the ſeverity he may deſerve, rather than involve the guiltleſs, if the nature of things will admit of it; and, if it will not, that is another topic, to which this argument doth not neceſſarily lead, ſince we are here conſidering only poetical juſtice. But this may naturally occaſion a retroſpect to the caſe of Clariſſa, mentioned in the beginning of the former letter, where it is ſaid, that, " if ſhe is un-
" fortunate without being criminal, her cataſtrophe
" ſtands

" ſtands condemned, &c."* Not ſurely on "Chriſ-
" tian" principles, for ſhe will be made ample amends in another world. She does not finiſh unfortunately, in the author's own opinion, but glorioufly and triumphantly, and is exceedingly happy in her aſſured expectation of eternal felicity; the conſideration of which not only alleviates her preſent misfortunes, and comforts her under them, but, according to her own ſentiments, renders her ſituation rather to be envied, than pitied. Not to inſiſt on what the ſame gentleman ſays of "the dark diſ-
" penſations of Providence recorded in hiſtory,
" which we find too often there, to wiſh for them
" elſewhere; and for which (he ſays) we muſt ac-
" count in the beſt manner we can;" perhaps Clariſſa's is the "beſt manner" of accounting for them; that is, on the principles of revelation, referring to a future ſtate. But whether it be ſo or not, theſe things are in the courſe of Providence confeſſed by theſe very records; and ſhould not morals be rather drawn from things as they are, than as they may be imagined? Theſe latter reflections ariſe from the principles of our religion, and are propoſed as to Chriſtians, who are taught in this manner to account for all ſuch diſpenſations; and, if it be not thought ſatisfactory, we have no way left but that of univerſal reaſon, or the light of nature; to direct our reaſonings and our conduct.

J. H.

LETTER

* See p. 101

LETTER CXXIV.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Sept. 21, 1749.

. . . . . I HAVE juſt finiſhed Clariſſa, and am extremely pleaſed with it. By what I have heard of the author's ſtation in life, one would wonder how he could enter ſo well into characters ſo much above it, and ſupport that of Lovelace, for inſtance, with ſo much wit and humour, ſuch ſpirit and gaiety throughout. Clariſſa herſelf, in my opinion, does not do him ſo much credit as a painter. But, after all, the ſtory is too melancholy for me. I admire the execution of his plan, but not the plan itſelf. I wiſh I did "admire" it, for then I ſhould be as much a ſaint as Clariſſa was; a Chriſtian in earneſt, I hope, I am; and therefore, with the author in his poſtſcript, will "envy," if he pleaſes, the triumphant death of Clariſſa, as the moſt deſirable concluſion of a life ſo unfortunate as hers; but the queſtion is, whether, taking her misfortunes and her death together, ſhe is to be envied; or, in other words, how many there are who would wiſh themſelves in her place. What I mean by this is, that the work can be of no general uſe, as the majority of readers (not excepting the clergy themſelves,)

can never be reconciled to the ſufferings of Clariſſa in this life, by the proſpect of her happineſs in another; though there may be many, both among the clergy and laity, who are hypocrites enough to pretend the contrary.

ANOTHER objection is, that the ſtory does not make good the title-page, and is "no cau-"tion" againſt miſconduct either in parents or children with regard to marriage; for if a daughter, whom her parents would oblige to marry againſt her inclination, were to remind them of Clariſſa's father, the anſwer, I ſuppoſe, would be, "that ſhe herſelf was no Clariſſa, and therefore "had no title to cite the precedent;" and if ſhe ſhould run away with her lover; "what ſig-"nifies duty (ſhe might ſay,) and every other "good quality in woman, ſince Clariſſa, dutiful "as ſhe was, and every way excellent, met with "ſo ſevere a deſtiny?" I think the caſe is fairly ſtated, for Clariſſa, conſidering her great delicacy, was not diſobedient in refuſing two or three matches which ſhe could not like: it was enough, that ſhe had no great inclination to marriage, and was reſolved "never" to marry without the conſent of her parents. Her judgment might be wrong, (and was ſo in ſome other material inſtances,) but her heart was entirely right, and no diſobedience lies at her door.

BUT

BUT farther: In Clariſſa, who was all perfection, it was delicacy, not judgment, to expect the ſame perfection, or to cenſure the want of it, in Miſs Howe, and others.

TO that delicacy, and to her ſincerity, ſhe ſacrifices her prudence, by acting, in a ſituation of ſo much diſtreſs, as if ſhe were in none, and thereby loſes the only opportunity of ſaving herſelf by taking refuge among the ladies of Lovelace's family, becauſe ſhe aimed at ſomething better, without ſuſpecting a great deal worſe, as ſhe had reaſon to do, though not the very worſt which might and did actually happen to her.

HER playing faſt and looſe with her lover, in regard to her appointments for meeting, before he carried her off, are out of character, and particularly where ſhe writes him word that "ſhe will meet him *unleſs ſhe alters her* "*mind.*"

HER apprehenſions of the ill effects attending her father's curſe, have a leaven of ſuperſtition.

HER lover's generous behaviour to the *Roſebud*, whoſe mother confided in his honour, was known to Clariſſa; and, enforced as it was by the power her going off with him had given him over her, ſhould, in all reaſon, have made her place that timely confidence in him which

would have ſet him right, and might have ended in a happy marriage.

BESIDES the intrinſic merit of the work, the author has ſecured the patronage of the ladies, by the perfection he aſcribes to Clariſſa, (as he did before to Pamela) and of the clergy, by the religious turn of his work, her aſpirations, and multiplied texts of ſcripture on every occaſion.

G. J.

LETTER CXXV.

Mr. JEFFRIES to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

MR. HIGHMORE's letter * entertained me very agreeably, and I wiſh you could have left it in my hands for ſome time, that I might have conſidered it with the attention it deſerves. The tranſient view I had of it allows me nothing more, than to make a few curſory remarks upon ſuch paſſages in it as I can recollect; in order to which I ſhall premiſe, that as far as I underſtand poetical juſtice, for which I am an advocate, it is by no means a puniſhment juſt adequate to the crime, and nothing farther; for, at that rate, the offender could have little or no title to compaſſion, and

* See page 116.

and the examples of juſtice in our circuits and and ſeſſions would be upon the ſame foot with thoſe of the theatre; whereas it is the province of tragedy to humble our pride, and awaken our caution, by puniſhing tranſgreſſions out of the reach of human laws; and to that end, the hand of Providence is to be viſible in conducting "venial offenders" by natural and neceſſary ſteps to the extremity of misfortune: by this means the ſufferer, who is puniſhed ſo much beyond the meaſure of his offence, becomes the object of pity, and withal ſtrikes terror, by bringing the example home in the puniſhment of thoſe faults and miſtakes, to which we are all liable. Upon this foundation I muſt beg leave to differ from Mr. H. where he ſays, that "equity would "revolt at it, and chuſe ſome other means "of puniſhing the criminal with the ſeverity he "may deſerve, rather than involve the guiltleſs, "if the nature of things will admit of it;" to which I anſwer, that according to the ſtory, "it "cannot be avoided;" and I am not ſorry for it; for involving the innocent Monimia in his misfortune, adds to his puniſhment, which is the point in view, and makes it the more exemplary; and her death, being her own choice, as I obſerved in my former letter, is no "puniſhment," but her "relief" from a misfortune unavoidably brought upon her by Caſtalio's fault. I conſider the death of Oedipus in the ſame light, viz. as the puniſhment of his own offence, or of the offences of his parents in him; of his own offence,

if he miſbehaved in his rencounter with Laius: of theirs, in tranſgreſſing the religion of their country. Mr. H. thinks that "Oedipus, not intending "ing either inceſt or parricide, was under no ne- "ceſſity of killing himſelf upon the diſcovery of "what he had done, but might have lived after- "wards with a ſafe conſcience;" and ſo he might under the torture of the ſtone; but is life to be wiſhed upon ſuch terms? Or rather, does not the remorſe attending ſuch facts, however ignorantly committed, bear too hard upon human nature to make that choice poſſible, which Oedipus ſhould have made, according to Mr. H.? Another thing advanced by him is, that "morals "ſhould be drawn from incidents in life as they "really happen, rather than as they may be ima- "gined;" and ſo far Ariſtotle agrees with him, as to ſay, that "ſtories on the ſtage ſhould be told "as they were reported to have been, or as they "ſhould have been;" by the laſt diviſion he is underſtood to mean, "as good men could have "wiſhed them to have happened for the ſervice "of virtue." But this relates to hiſtory. If Mr. H. means that ſtories may be invented to caſt a damp upon virtue, as well as to encourage it, becauſe ſuch things happen in real life, I believe he will meet with few fictions upon that plan, nor can I well conceive what good end they can anſwer, I mean, within the ſphere of mortality, for to that I confine my doctrine. The caſe is altered if you take in another world, and entertain an audience, or a reader, with examples

of

of martyrdom. I agree therefore with Mr. H. that "revelation reconciles us to the ſufferings of "Clariſſa," of whom I ſaid, in a former letter, that "ſhe ſtands condemned by the rules of poeti-"cal juſtice, if ſhe is puniſhed without being "faulty;" but upon reading the book, which I had not done then, I find that ſhe is not puniſhed, or, in a chriſtian ſenſe, unfortunate; the full aſſurance, that ſhe ſhall be happy hereafter, makes her ſo beforehand; ſhe enjoys, as ſhe ſays herſelf, the proſpect of death; and a triumphant one it is, as Mr. H. expreſſes it, for it is the death of a martyr to the inhumanity of her relations and her lover, and to her own chaſtity and virtue. In this view I could almoſt ſay, I pity Lovelace, with all his guilt, more than the divine Clariſſa. Perhaps I ſhould have been better pleaſed with lady Bradſhaw * and numbers more, if the ſtory had taken a happy turn; but *de guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*; and never did any author receive ſo much credit from oppoſition to his plan, as Mr. Richardſon; for if the lady I have mentioned had acquieſced in the original ſcheme, ſhe could not have diſcovered that high opinion of the merit of the work in general, which is ſo apparent in her uncommon zeal to adapt it to her own taſte. "To be envied, not imitated," was the motto of a celebrated artiſt upon his ſtatue. I apply the ſame to Clariſſa, not to cenſure the

* The lady of Sir Roger Bradſhaw, bart. of Haigh in Lancaſhire.

deſign, but to do juſtice to the execution of it, and am, with compliments to the author when you ſee him, dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

G. J.

LETTER CXXVI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 2, 1750.

SINCE it has been ſurmiſed that Oedipus killed Laius in a diſhonourable manner, which, if true, would in ſome meaſure reconcile the puniſhment of him with poetical juſtice, I beg leave to ſet down the account of that action as it is related by Oedipus himſelf in Sophocles, act iii. ſcene 4.

"THE man," ſays he, "who preceded his "maſter, endeavoured forcibly to drive me out "of the road; upon which I ſtruck the for- "ward ſlave; and advancing, the old man in a "fury laſhed me twice over the head with his "rowelled whip. Thus provoked, with a ſingle "blow I brought him from his chariot, and he "dropped down dead at my feet."

THIS is the whole account, which I refer to your farther conſideration. I am of opinion, that

that the extravagant anguiſh and ſhocking puniſhment of Oedipus cannot be juſtified but by topical arguments, if I may ſo ſpeak. I think you have offered as much as can be urged on that ſide of the queſtion. I am pleaſed with the ingenuity of the advocate, but not convinced.

WHAT you ſay about "poetical juſtice in "general" ſeems to me preciſely right and conſonant to reaſon; but as to the particular caſe of Oedipus, I will only offer one remark on a ſingle paſſage in your letter.

BY your comparing the anguiſh of Oedipus's mind, under the commiſſion of an involuntary fault, to the torture ſuffered by a man in a fit of the ſtone, it ſhould ſeem as if you thought the one as neceſſary and unavoidable as the other; which I hope and believe is not the caſe.

WITH regard to the body, it muſt indeed be allowed, as one of the characters in Milton juſtly argues,

"That pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
"Of evils, and exceſſive overturns
"All patience.——

But God forbid, we ſhould be ſo little indebted to Providence, and of ſuch a wretched frame, as at

any time to ſuffer neceſſarily extreme anguiſh of mind without any guilt or moral blemiſh!

THE opinion of the Stoics is well known, and thus expreſſed by Horace,

Hoc ſatis eſt orare Jovem, qui donat et auſert,
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mî animum ipſe parabo.

Let heaven but life and riches for me find,
And to myſelf I'll give an eaſy mind.

And though the dominion over the paſſions may not extend ſo far as the Stoics imagined, it is to be hoped that nature has at leaſt put it into every man's power, by the due uſe of his rational faculties, to correct ſuch evils as ariſe merely from ſuperſtitious notions.

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

W. D.

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Biddeſdon*, Aug. 30, 1750.

YOU expect this letter from my laſt to your ſon. Upon a review of Mr. Highmore's letter, I find the thoughts to be very well digeſted, and clearly

* Near Andover, Hants, a ſeat of the late duke of Chandos.

clearly expreſſed, and withal that I have already anſwered him in the main, as far as I am capable of doing it: ſo that I ſhall take my leave of him with one or two ſhort remarks. Speaking of the falſe notions which prevailed at Thebes, he adds*, (what I readily admit) "But ſurely theſe conſi-"derations ought not to have weight elſewhere, "under other and more rational principles, or "become a rule and ſtandard univerſally;" and a little farther, "Q. Whether, all cuſtoms and "prejudices laid aſide, he might not have acted "thus?" The anſwer is, that "cuſtoms and "prejudices" are not to be "laid aſide," but adopted, in a tragedy calculated to inſtruct people by ſtriking in with their "cuſtoms and prejudices." The Greeks told Darius, that they abhorred the thought of ſwallowing the remains of their parents, as the Barbarians did; and thoſe Barbarians equally abhorred the practice of the Greeks in reducing theirs to aſhes, and incloſing them in urns. Neither of theſe opinions is of any weight with us; but we will take the firſt of them, and ſuppoſe that in a tragedy repreſented to an audience of theſe Barbarians, the principal character tranſgreſſing the law and cuſtom of his country, by burning his father's remains, inſtead of ſwallowing them, were to meet with ſome grievous misfortune; this misfortune attending the breach of a ſuppoſed duty, would be a proper leſſon of filial reverence to ſuch an audience; and even the Greeks, who allowed the action to be right in itſelf, would condemn it for being committed in oppoſition

* See p. 117.

oppoſition to the law and belief of the country, where the ſcene lay. In regard to Monimia and others in her circumſtances, " no moral can be " drawn of uſe to them," ſays Mr. H. and there likewiſe I agree with him; but the moral uſe of misfortunes befalling the " innocent," is a caution to the " guilty," as often as the innocent are unavoidably involved in tragical conſequences of their guilt; and ſo much added to what I wrote before for the controverſy between me and Mr. H. who ſuppoſes Oedipus to be " entirely innocent," according to your repreſentation of the rencounter with Laius; " but," adds he, " if this repreſenta- " tion is not a true one, that does not affect the " reaſoning above;" which brings me to your account of it from Sophocles. Oedipus, a foundling of no rank whatſoever, and travelling by himſelf, meets Laius, a perſon of diſtinction, as appears by his being attended by three or four ſervants; one of them, in right of his maſter, endeavours to force Oedipus out of the road; Oedipus ſtrikes him, and advances to Laius, who being enraged at the blow given his ſervant, laſhes Oedipus twice over the head with his rowelled whip; upon which Oedipus firſt kills him, and then his ſervants who endeavoured to revenge him. This (you ſay) is Oedipus's own ſtory; and it appears hereby, that the quarrel began by his diſputing the road, where he had no ſort of title to it; ſo that all the miſchief which enſued, lies at his door; he was the aggreſſor, and Laius only upon the defenſive, when he laſhed him with his whip. In a word, I can view him in no other light

light than that of a boiſterous ruffian, not intending indeed to commit murder, but hurried into it from the violence of his temper, and ſuch a mixture of reſentment and inſolence as made him treſpaſs upon all the rules of decency and common prudence, and, allowing him a ſhare of humanity and reflection, we muſt ſuppoſe that this day's work was a dead weight upon his ſpirits from the time it happened, without waiting for the diſcovery afterwards made of his having murdered his father; ſo that inſtead of being "entirely inno-"cent," he is guilty to a degree almoſt out of the reach of pity: to which his chief title is, that the fact was committed ſome years before his appearance on the ſtage, under all the diſtreſs and compunction which it would naturally create in him, upon finding out the relationſhip between him and Laius: in this light we have no occaſion to juſtify his misfortunes by the third commandment; his parents are out of the queſtion; and out of his own mouth, he is juſtly and heavily charged for his own crimes.

Not that I can give up my compariſon between an involuntary fault and a fit of the ſtone, after explaining myſelf, by allowing that ſome involuntary faults occaſion no anguiſh at all, nor can I imagine the very worſt of them to occaſion it in any degree equal to a fit of the ſtone; though they may have in common the quality of making a man heartily tired of life, as ſome among us have been, not that life was a torment, but purely becauſe it was become inſipid. "It is to be

"hoped,"

"hoped," (ſay you, rather "wiſhed" ſay I) "that every man has it in his power, by the due "uſe of his rational faculties, to correct ſuch "evils as ariſe merely from ſuperſtitious notions;" and conſequently it would be a ſhame for any one to be made unhappy (though many are ſo) by omens, dreams, &c. as all fears, ariſing from ſuch cauſes, are, or ought to be, ſubject to the controul of reaſon, which, in regard to matters within its ſphere, is a proper guide, notwithſtanding the pains taken to decry it by ſome authors, and particularly Cicero, who queſtions whether it would not have been more eligible for mankind to have been wholly without the uſe of it, than to have had it attended with ſuch pernicious conſequences. But, without running into this extreme, it muſt be owned that there are myſteries above it in philoſophy as well as in religion; in regard to which the beſt ſervice it can do us, is to quit the field, inſtead of contending where it is ſure to be overcome. What I here mean are the ſecret operations of nature upon particular conſtitutions, ſometimes through the whole courſe of a man's life, as in the caſe of antipathies; and ſometimes in ſingle inſtances only, as when a lady of my acquaintance fainted away at the ſight of her father's murderer, without hearing him named, without knowing him, and without any expectation of ſeeing him. I have more than once heard the ſtory, with all theſe circumſtances, from the lady's own mouth, and, conſidering the natural connection between her and her father, I can account for it better than I could for her falling into

into a cold ſweat at the ſight of a cat, or on a cat's being in the room, whether ſhe had ſeen it or no: nor can I doubt but that the ſame connection would have operated as ſtrongly by ſympathy, if it had been this lady's misfortune to kill her father by an accident entirely innocent. There are tempers ſo tender and ſenſible as to ſink under ſuch a calamity, and never recover themſelves afterwards. The perſon, whom I ſuppoſe in this ſituation, would admit that he had been guilty of no fault, and apprehended no puniſhment; his chagrin therefore would not be the effect of a ſuperſtitious unreaſonable notion, but of a natural impreſſion prevailing againſt his reaſon. There is no accounting for ſympathy and antipathy; but they are as little to be queſtioned or reſiſted, as they are to be explained: ſome of our moſt received opinions are chiefly ſupported by them. Nature (for example) has implanted in us a principle of ſelf-preſervation, or it ſhrinks at the thought of diſſolution; and hence ariſe the general abhorrence and condemnation of ſelf-murder, though in ſeveral caſes that might be put by a rational man, the reaſon of the thing is for it: but "nature," ſays Thucydides, "is a higher "principle than reaſon;" on which ſentiment Father Rapin exclaims, in a kind of rapture, "There "is admirable ſenſe! a profound reflection!"

SOME part of this letter may want an apology, as, to the beſt of my remembrance, it is little more than a repetition of what I wrote formerly in vindication of thoſe poets who have repreſented Oedipus

Oedipus innocent, and yet have ſent him out of the world, partly in mercy to a wretch who could no longer live comfortably in it, and partly as a ſacrifice to the ſins of his parents. As for Sophocles, I take his conduct to be unqueſtionably juſtified in puniſhing Oedipus for a heinous offence of his own, at the ſame time that he makes him a proper object of terror and compaſſion. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble ſervant,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Stocks*, Sept. 4, 1750.

I HAVE read yours of the 30th ult. with great pleaſure, on which I ſhall only make a few remarks *en paſſant*.

THE inſtance you give, from the Greek hiſtory, of the different ſentiments of the Greeks and Barbarians † is extremely well adapted to ſhow the juſtneſs and propriety of what I call "topical reaſoning" in tragedy.

THE

* In Hertfordſhire, the ſeat of Arnold Duncombe, eſq;

† See p. 131.

THE caſe is not quite fairly ſtated with regard to "Oedipus, a foundling, of no rank whatſo-"ever, &c.*" Though this was the fact, he thought himſelf the ſon of the king and queen of Corinth, which might naturally raiſe his ſpirits, for he could not divine his own hiſtory. He ſeems to have been too raſh and violent, and was ſo far culpable. But to ſay, that, in this ſingle inſtance, he is guilty "to a degree almoſt out of the "reach of pity †," is putting the argument to the torture.

AN offence of this kind, if tried by an Engliſh jury, would, I believe, have been deemed only "man-ſlaughter," ſince it is plain there could be no "malice prepenſe."

CICERO is ſo thoroughly an academic, that his opinion has no more weight with me than the reaſons he alledges will give it. There ſeems to be ſomething very curious in the ſtory you allude to ‡. I ſhould be glad to have a more particular account of it, and the name of the lady, *ſi licet*.

AS to the doctrine of ſympathies and antipathies, I muſt leave it under the cloud with which it is enveloped. Yet as to "real" (not "affected") antipathies, I believe they may be accounted for in a mechanical way. I do not underſtand the meaning of the word "ſympathy," and can therefore ſay nothing to that; nor do I underſtand this ſentence

* p. 132. † p. 133. ‡ p. 134.

ſentence in your letter, "Some of our moſt re-
"ceived opinions are ſupported by ſympathy and
"antipathy."

As to what you inſtance in ſuicide, it is a tender ſubject to diſcuſs. "Nature (you ſay) ſhrinks "at the thought of diſſolution." It does ſo, while we are in a ſtate of eaſe and pleaſure, but not ſurely if we were in a ſtate of exquiſite pain, and there appeared no poſſible way of eſcaping from it but by diſſolution: for nature, in that caſe, would fly to death as an aſylum; and if (as you ſay) "ſeveral inſtances might be put, in "which the reaſon of the thing is for ſuicide," (and in this I agree with you,) nature cannot be againſt it; for (notwithſtanding the profound reflection of Thucydides) nature and reaſon (ſtrictly ſpeaking) are never at variance, ſince it is the buſineſs of reaſon to regulate only, and not extinguiſh, our natural affections. But if they muſt be ſuppoſed to differ, the making nature a higher principle than reaſon, is ſetting the cart before the horſe. Reaſon is allowed by Hobbes himſelf to be "a part of nature,"—*Recta ratio, cum non minus ſit pars naturæ humanæ quam quælibet alia facultas vel affectus animi, naturalis quoque dicitur.*

De Cive, lib. iii, c. 2.

In other places, indeed, he confines "nature" to the animal affections of fear, deſire, anger, and the like, which are born with us.

Ibid. in præf.

But

BUT it is not my buſineſs to reconcile this author with himſelf. Caſes may poſſibly ariſe in which wiſe and good men will, with Brutus, be forced to renounce the principles they embraced in a full flow of health and ſpirits; we ſhould therefore be cautious in cenſuring the conduct of others. *To their own maſter they ſtand or fall.*

I MUST repeat what I have ſaid in a former letter, that Oedipus could be no proper example to deter others in the like circumſtances from the like crimes, becauſe he is every where repreſented by the poet as acting under the influence of an inevitable decree of the gods, or, in other words, as a mere machine or puppet.

I am, my good friend,

moſt affectionately yours,

W. D.

IF "puniſhment" be rightly defined, by Puffendorff*, (as I think it is) to be "the pain or "anguiſh which a perſon ſuffers by the command "of a ſuperior, on account of ſome evil deed, "which he has voluntarily committed," it is plain that a perſon who is acted upon, or driven, by an irreſiſtible decree of the gods, can be no object of "puniſhment."

LETTER

* *De officio hominis et civis*, lib. ii, c. 13, ſ. 4.

LETTER CXXIX.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

THIS anſwer to your laſt has been due ſome time. I did (as you ſay) "put the argument to "the torture," by having forgotten, that Oedipus was the king of Corinth's ſuppoſed ſon, and therefore a proper object of pity, by not being "inex-"cuſably raſh" (though raſh enough in all conſcience) in not giving way, as he certainly ſhould have done, and as, I believe, his majeſty himſelf on horſeback would do to you, or any other of his loving ſubjects, in a chariot: as the caſe ſtands, Oedipus (as you ſay) would have been found guilty of "man-ſlaughter" only, and could not have pleaded in arreſt of judgment, that he was a puppet; for, as I have formerly obſerved, juſtice muſt have its courſe; and if I rob you on the highway, the judge will give his charge, and the jury bring in their verdict, to hang me, by the ſame neceſſity which made me a felon.

THE inſtance I gave, ſupported by ſympathy and antipathy, was the opinion, that it is our duty to live as long as we can by the courſe of nature and Providence, and a ſin to put an end to that being, which God has beſtowed upon us, by a violent

violent death; and this opinion being but lamely ſupported by reaſon in ſeveral caſes that may happen, I reſolve it into ſympathy and antipathy, by which I do not mean, in this place, what is ſtrictly underſtood by them; but take theſe words in a larger ſenſe, as they import any ſtrong and natural inclination or averſion: it is true, the natural averſion to loſs of being may give way to that exceſs of torture, which ſhall make a man ſhoot himſelf in a fit of the ſtone; but it will hold good againſt reaſon, and does ſo every day in ſeveral inſtances between your two extremes of eaſe and pleaſure on the one hand, and exquiſite pain on the other; and as often as this is fact, that nature makes unhappy men prolong their being, where reaſon prompts them to put an end to it, ſo often, with ſubmiſſion, they are, ſtrictly ſpeaking, at variance: nor is it an argument to the contrary to ſay, that "it is the buſineſs of reaſon to regu-"late, not extinguiſh, our natural affections," unleſs you can likewiſe ſay, that reaſon is equal to its buſineſs, which, I am afraid, is far from being the caſe. I doubt, the affections, inſtead of being "the cart before the horſe," are the wild horſe running away with the cart, and toſſing the poor carter, reaſon, into the mire; or ſuppoſing the horſe to be tolerably quiet and tractable, yet if the carter is unſkilful, he overturns his machine by driving it againſt a bank, or into a ditch; or, in other words, if reaſon is not extinguiſhed by the paſſions, it is in many ſo weak and defective as to be ſubſervient to them, and to take its bias, though imperceptibly, from them. A man the

moſt

moſt free from paſſions in appearance may call his phlegm wiſdom, and yet ſhall be deceived by the ſecret motions of ſelf-love, and plume himſelf upon a real vice under the ſhow of virtue; as when a preacher gratifies his own vanity, by an excellent ſermon againſt the vanity of others. Right reaſon is a very valuable treaſure, and every man has it, if you believe him; but *quot homines, tot ſententiæ*, diſproves the claim. I would, with a certain emperor *, worſhip a reaſonable man, but firſt ſhow me where he is. Reaſon, commonly ſo called, is nothing more than opinion,

—— " the twinkling lamp
" Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes
" by turns,
" Fooling the follower between ſhade and
" ſhining †;

Or, as another author ‡ deſcribes it, " A double-
" edged weapon, wounding either way in the
" hands of its greateſt maſters; a tincture almoſt
" equally infuſed into all our opinions;" and then for its influence, conſider how little it has been from the beginning of the world to this day; and where is the difference between ſaying a man never " is" well, and ſaying he never " can" be well? Or between ſaying, the paſſions of mankind in general never " were," or " will be," regulated,

* An inca of Peru.

† Mourning Bride, act iii, ſcene 1.

‡ Montaigne's eſſays.

regulated, by reaſon; and ſaying, they never "can be" regulated by it? And ſo much for reaſon as a regulator of the affections; but ſuppoſing, not allowing, it to be ſo in the main, the queſtion between you and me remains as it was: for in joining with Thucydides to call nature "a higher principle than reaſon," I did not mean thoſe paſſions "which," you ſay, "it is the bu-"ſineſs of reaſon to regulate," and which, I own, it does regulate now and then, but thoſe "ſecret "operations" (as I expreſſed myſelf) which are entirely out of its reach; for not to repeat what I ſaid of ſympathy and antipathy, not affected but real, as undoubtedly they often are, I would obſerve to you, that a man trying to walk over a plank, two foot broad, laid acroſs a broken arch of a bridge very high, would fall into the river, and yet had room enough to walk directly forward, and accordingly could have done it with eaſe, for a mile together, upon a path half as broad through a level ground; yet it would be hard to cenſure this poor creature for loſing his life through fear, which he ought to have regulated by reaſon, eſpecially as he was a philoſopher, which we will ſuppoſe to be the caſe. The love of children to parents, and ſtill more that of parents to children, muſt be allowed to baffle reaſon in general, and, over and above ſuch ſurpriſing effects of that relation, as that which I mentioned in my former letter, add to this a natural connection, as it were, between grief and misfortune, when a man has been known to be dejected to the laſt degree, at the very inſtant of a friend's or relation's

lation's death a hundred miles off, and without any previous notice of his being in danger of it; add likewiſe an extraordinary power of divination in ſome people on ſome occaſions, and more eſpecially on a death-bed: but above all, add the ſuperiority of nature, where it ſupplies the want of reaſon, as in brutes by way of inſtinct, to which we owe much more valuable diſcoveries in phyſic than to human ſagacity. As therefore nature, in ſome of theſe inſtances, abſolutely controuls and ſuperſedes reaſon, as in others, it goes much farther, and as in all it is wholly incomprehenſible by it, give me leave to conclude, that "nature is "a higher principle than reaſon."

If you ſhould be of opinion, that what I have delivered is erroneous, or even abſurd, you muſt remember, in my excuſe, that *humanum eſt errare*, and that "abſurdity is the privilege of a reaſon-"able creature."

I am,

My dear Mr. Duncombe's

moſt affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LET-

LETTER CXXX.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Biddeſdon, Sept. 23, 1750.

I THANK you for the papers, and have read them with pleaſure; as you deſire my ſentiments upon them, they are as follows:

IN regard to my former letters, "involuntary "faults," an expreſſion not originally mine, are, to the beſt of my remembrance, obſerved by me, to imply a contradiction, unleſs "involuntary" be applied to the unforeſeen conſequences of the fact, and not to the fact itſelf, which muſt be "volun- "tary" to be a fault.

AFTER the firſt quotation from Ariſtotle, follows what Mr. Sharp * calls a "literal tranſlation:" but to begin with επιεικεις, I will not be poſitive, after having dropped my acquaintance with Greek, I ſhall not ſay, for how many years, but I take it properly to ſignify "meek" or "gentle." However, what Ariſtotle means by it in this place, ought to be perfectly underſtood, and therefore Q. if it be rightly tranſlated "remarkably good men?"

* Of C. C. C. Cambridge, afterwards D. D. and rector of St. Mary Abchurch and St. Laurence Pountney, London. He died March 27, 1772.

Mr. Sharp ſays that " puniſhing a very wicked man " may give mankind ſome pleaſure," whereas Ariſtotle ſays, " it may ſhow a love to mankind," το φιλανθρωπον. Again, I take Ariſtotle's διαφερον to mean " excelling," without " remarkably," which ſeems to be added as an authority from Ariſtotle for murdering good men upon the ſtage, provided they are not " remarkably" good. Laſtly, what is αμαρτια? If " error," is it of that ſort, which, being unavoidable, ſhall not in the leaſt diſcredit a man's underſtanding or honeſty? Or is it an error in judgment only? It can be neither of theſe, as they are both compatible with the character of επιεικης, and the misfortunes attending them will not produce the το φοβερον, or the ελεινον, but the μιαρον: by αμαρτια therefore, Ariſtotle, to be conſiſtent with himſelf, muſt mean " faulty" errors, as derived from that faulty character, which, being in the middle between virtue and vice, he makes the foundation of pity and fear: but " error," without any addition, is ſo far from ſuperſeding " involuntary fault," as an adequate, clear, and preciſe idea, that nothing more indefinite and vague can be well imagined. Mr. Sharp promiſes indeed to illuſtrate his meaning in the tragedies mentioned by Mr. Addiſon, and does it in the Orphan, but in ſuch a manner, as would very much miſlead any perſon who had not read the play: for, according to him, here are two very honeſt young gentlemen, one of them guilty of an inconſiderable error, in not acquainting his brother that he was married,

and

and the other, properly ſpeaking, guilty of no error at all, though under a miſtake indeed in believing, what any one in his circumſtances muſt have believed, that he was only beforehand with his double-dealing brother in lying with a proſtitute. But Mr. Sharp forgets, that there was a time when this Polydore had reaſon to think better of her, and yet endeavoured to debauch her under his father's roof and protection, in defiance of duty, hoſpitality, and honour; and, as to Caſtalio's "inconſiderable "error," he himſelf was ſo far from quieting his conſcience under that notion, that, in the beginning of that ſcene where he kills Polydore, he takes ſhame to himſelf very plentifully,

"I made a contract I ne'er meant to keep;"

and a little farther,

"Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee."

How candid is your friend to call theſe "incon-"ſiderable errors!" In ſhort, both brothers are ſo faulty, with all their good qualities, as to anſwer Ariſtotle's deſign of exciting pity and fear very happily: and if, notwithſtanding this, Mr. Addiſon thought Caſtalio a virtuous innocent character, no body will diſpute it with him, but a dealer in verbal diſtinctions.

ARISTOTLE, in the ſecond quotation from him, is quite conſiſtent with what he advanced in the

firſt, and declares for tragedies compoſed on a few family events " according to art." Then follows the point in view, which is, to reconcile Ariſtotle and Addiſon: they agree in preferring ſome of thoſe tragedies which are quoted by Addiſon, and end unfortunately; becauſe I take them to be built on Ariſtotle's model, viz. the Orphan, Theodoſius, and All for Love; but they differ in regard to thoſe tragedies which end not only unfortunately, but iniquitouſly and ſhockingly; for Ariſtotle, by his own doctrine, is bound to reject them, and Addiſon has manifeſtly eſpouſed them in the caſe of Deſdemona, who is quite innocent, and more flagrantly ſtill in that of Cordelia, who is not only innocent, but exemplary for filial duty, and not even the leaſt ſhadow of an error (if that were of any conſequence) appears againſt her, but a monſtrous one in Shakeſpeare for dealing ſo inhumanly by her. In a word, there neither is nor can be any thing of the το μιαρον in the conduct of a tragic poet, if this is not ſo almoſt beyond example. But what ſays Mr. Addiſon? Why truly, " the play is ſpoiled by Tate's alteration, becauſe it ſaves and rewards Cordelia by a " chimerical notion of poetical juſtice." Under favour, poetical juſtice is ſo far from being " a " chimera," that it ſpares, or ought to ſpare, every innocent perſon. Indeed, where a fault is committed, poetical juſtice ſhall go much farther, though by natural ſteps, in its puniſhment, than the meaſure of it requires; otherwiſe, there would be no room for that pity, which is due to thoſe

" who

" who bear misfortunes which they do not de-
" ſerve;" in which paſſage, Ariſtotle, to agree with himſelf, muſt not mean the innocent, but thoſe whoſe misfortunes are far ſhort of their ſufferings. To conclude; what I have here ſaid may be ſummed up in the two following propoſitions:

PROP. 1.

No two things can be more diametrically oppoſite than Ariſtotle's doctrine and Addiſon's declaration for Shakeſpeare's Lear.

PROP. 2.

ARISTOTLE does not differ more from Addiſon than from himſelf, if " error," *quatenus* error, is a literal tranſlation of αμαρτια, and conſequently, a proper ground of tragical events, as it deſtroys his doctrine at once, by confounding, what he has ſo expreſsly diſtinguiſhed, the " terrible and pitiable" with the " iniquitous."

Yours, &c.

G. J.

LETTER CXXXI.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Part of a letter.

Nov. 8, 1750.

:...BY "a reaſonable man" I mean him, whoſe words, thoughts, and actions are regulated in the main by reaſon: he is no ſlave to paſſion or humour, and diſtinguiſhes between opinion and demonſtration: he may lean to one ſide of the queſtion, but is never poſitive, without being certain; and that he is certain is no eaſy matter for him to believe, as he is ſenſible what a mixture of obſcurity there is even in our cleareſt conceptions. To confine reaſon in its proper bounds, is a point he has much at heart. He diſcovers the ſuperiority of his underſtanding in nothing more, than by doubting its ſufficiency; and is often at a ſtand, where others, not half ſo much enlightened, think themſelves quite ſure. To conclude, he is a diſciple of Socrates, and deſerves the title of wiſe by confeſſing that he knows nothing, not even himſelf thoroughly; though the moſt valuable of all knowledge is that of a man's ſelf; and what, conſequently, he labours chiefly to attain.

G. J.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Spring-grove *, May 6, 1751.

I HAVE long deſigned to make ſome remarks on a letter I received from you laſt autumn, but could not get leiſure till now, to recollect my thoughts.

IF we define the terms we make uſe of, we ſhall not, I believe, differ ſo widely as we ſeem to do at preſent.

BY "nature," may be underſtood, the God of nature, or the regular operation of his will, in the motion of the heavenly bodies, the inſtincts of animals, the vegetation of plants, &c. or (as applied to mankind) it may mean, that particular frame and conſtitution of mind and body, which diſtinguiſhes him from every other ſpecies of intelligent creatures.

* Near Hounſlow, Middleſex, the ſeat of Mrs. Offley, (relict of John Offley, eſq;) and after her death (in 1353) purchaſed and rebuilt by Eliſha Biſcoe, eſq;

THIS is what I mean by it in the preſent controverſy. By "reaſon," I underſtand that faculty by which we are enabled to diſtinguiſh truth and falſhood, right and wrong. Reaſon may alſo ſignify the exerciſe or operations of the rational faculty, or ratiocination. In this ſenſe I underſtand by it, the juſt and proper uſe of it.

I THINK there is no occaſion for the diſtinction of "true" and "falſe" reaſon. Reaſon is ſteady, uniform, and invariable as the ſun. Reaſon and ſophiſtry (and what is falſe reaſoning but ſophiſtry?) are as widely different as gold and copper, light and darkneſs.

"OPINION," I think, means a wavering aſſent of the mind, founded on doubtful evidence. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, judicia naturæ confirmat*, ſays Cicero; "time defaces the gloſſes "of opinion, but confirms the dictates of nature." By nature he here ſeems to mean reaſon, and by opinion, popular prejudice.

BY a "reaſonable man" I mean one, who, in the general tenor of his ſentiments and actions, is guided by the rules of common-ſenſe and reaſon. And that this is a natural deſcription, appears from your being ſurpriſed, when the queſtion was firſt put to you, "who is a reaſonable man?" Forgetting you had ſuppoſed it a matter of great difficulty

culty to find ſuch a one: which made it neceſſary for you, in order to be conſiſtent with yourſelf, to give us the idea of a "complete philoſopher *," inſtead of a "reaſonable man," who alone was aſked for, and to degrade yourſelf and your friend into the claſs of "unreaſonables."

By "ſympathy" you ſeem to underſtand what I would chuſe to expreſs by "inſtinct." I beg you to give me an account of all the inſtincts you take to be implanted in human nature. You ſhall then have my farther thoughts on that ſubject.

You ſay, "the opinion, that it is ſinful, in all "poſſible caſes, to put an end to our being, is but "lamely ſupported by reaſon." This is granting as much as I would deſire. How then is this opinion ſupported? You reply, "by ſympathy and "antipathy:" by which you mean the natural love of life, and the fear of death, (if I take your meaning right) which often make unhappy men bear the misfortunes of life, when reaſon prompts them to take another courſe. But what does this prove? Only that our paſſions are ſometimes too ſtrong for our reaſon, which, I believe, no one will deny; but it will not follow from hence, that reaſon ought to be degraded, and paſſion aſſume the reins, who would be but a blind and headſtrong driver; or that reaſon and nature (in my ſenſe of that word,) are at variance; indeed, I thought it had

* See p. 150.

been agreed by all philoſophers, that reaſon is a principle ſuperior to paſſion and appetite; and that the former ought to controul the latter.

By prefacing the witty paſſages you quote from Congreve and Montaigne with theſe words, "Rea- "ſon, 'commonly' ſo called, is nothing more "than opinion," you ſeem ſenſible that they cannot be juſtly applied to reaſon, "truly" ſo called; as certainly they cannot, and I am not concerned to defend the chicaneries of opinion, or (as I ſhould chuſe to call it) of ſophiſtry. No wonder the wits delight to cavil at reaſon, ſince ſhe ſo often detects their fallacies by the torch of truth.

As to the influence of reaſon over the actions of mankind it has, I am ſatisfied, been very great, from the beginning of the world to this day, and is ſo ſtill, whatever melancholy or ſuperſtitious writers may pretend to the contrary. Were it otherwiſe, ſociety muſt diſband, and the world would be turned into a howling wilderneſs; nor ſhould we ſee ſo much peace, order, harmony, and happineſs, as are to be met with in every civiliſed country. The inſtances to the contrary can be no more juſtly alledged againſt the prevalence of reaſon than the birth of a monſter, now and then, is a proof that there is no regular proceſs of nature in the production of animals. I am ſenſible, it would be an eaſy matter for a man of a ſtrong imagination, and gloomy caſt of mind, to declaim

declaim on the other ſide of the queſtion, as Dr. Young has ſhown in his diſcourſes "on the miſeries "of human life," and in his "Night-Thoughts." But ſuch declamations will have little weight with perſons of ſober judgment, accuſtomed to a cloſe way of reaſoning; and are of pernicious conſequence, as they give us unworthy notions of God, cheriſh the ſpirit of ſcepticiſm, and fill the ſoul with melancholy, inſtead of that grateful chearfulneſs, which is a tribute due to the bountiful Creator. The ſame author inveighs againſt virtue (abſtracted from the hopes of a future ſtate) as tending to make us miſerable in this life, contrary to the ſentiments of all ancient philoſophers, and the experience, I believe, of the beſt men in every age.

I AM ſtill at a loſs to know what you mean by "the 'ſecret operations' of nature." To ſome of the ſtories you relate I can ſcarce give credit; the ſpring and cauſes (ſuppoſing the facts true) are too uncertain to admit of any deductions; and ſome of the caſes you put may be accounted for in a rational way. There is no myſtery in the "man's "falling from the plank two foot broad*;" it is plainly owing to his fear; and he is to be pitied, and not blamed. It is not pretended, that reaſon is ſufficient to ſubdue the paſſions in every inſtance that may be put; and yet it may be ſufficient to guide us in the general tenor of our lives: elſe to what purpoſe was it given? But where our paſſions work

* See p. 143.

work upon us " mechanically," we ſhall ſtand acquitted in the eye of God, who knows the heart; but the caſe is different in regard to human courts, who can only judge by overt actions, except in ſome particular caſes.

I CANNOT allow with you, that " abſurdity is " the privilege of a reaſonable creature;" though to be ſubject to miſtakes and errors is undoubtedly the lot of a fallible one. The ſon of Sirach in the xxxviiith chapter of Eccleſiaſticus, deſcribes the various occupations of the huſbandman, the carpenter, the engraver, the ſtatuary, the ſmith, and the potter. *They ſhall not*, ſays he, *be ſought for in public counſel*; *nor ſit high in the congregation*; *but without theſe cannot a city be inhabited: they will maintain the ſtate of the world, and every one of them is wiſe in his craft.* Surely therefore he muſt look upon theſe as " reaſonable" men.

SOLOMON aſſures us that *the ſpirit of man is as the lamp of God*; *wherewith he ſearcheth out all ſecret things.* Thus Prov. xx. and 27. is interpreted by the great lord Bacon.

THE encomium given by Cicero to philoſophy may with no leſs propriety be applied to reaſon; for what is philoſophy but the habit of reaſoning on ſubjects natural or moral, cultivated and improved by ſtudy and reflection?

" CITIES

" CITIES were formed by reaſon; by reaſon " mankind were civiliſed, collected into ſociety, " and united in houſes, wedlock, and communion " of letters and language. Reaſon was the inven- " tor of laws, the teacher of manners, the guide of " diſcipline. Dare any one arraign the parent of " civil and domeſtic life, pollute himſelf with ſuch " parricide, and, impiouſly ungrateful, ſtigmatiſe " reaſon, whom he ought to reverence, though " unable to comprehend her precepts?"

Tuſc. Diſp. b. v, c. 2.

AND that which aggravates the ingratitude of theſe " parricides," (as Cicero juſtly ſtyles them,) is, that they wound their venerable mother with ſhafts drawn from her own quiver.

I am, &c.

W. D

LETTER CXXXIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 7, 1751.

MY Farm * waits upon you a ſecond time for the amendment agreed upon between us. I would only reſpite "revenge divine †," till the ladies and you, in anſwer to what I am about to offer, ſhall eſtabliſh a diſtinction between that and "venge-"ance," or, allowing them to mean the very ſame thing, ſhall think fit to maintain that neither the one nor the other can poſſibly belong to the Deity; though ſcripture has repreſented holy men invoking the aid of God under that view of his being "the God of vengeance," and has, in the warmeſt terms, not only aſcribed but appropriated vengeance to him on no leſs authority than his own expreſs

* A tranſlation of the 1ſt book of Vaniere's "Prædium "Ruſticum," ſince publiſhed in Mr. Jeffreys' "poems." p. 163. b. 13. "on doves," is alſo in the ſame collection, p. 210.

† The ground, obedient to "revenge divine,"
No more, unbidden, yields her corn and wine,
But graſs and thiſtles———

expreſs declaration. I take it for granted, therefore, that "vengeance" is out of the queſtion, and that the only word excepted againſt is "revenge," as manifeſtly differing from "vengeance," and always carrying an ill ſenſe, though Dryden has been ſo far miſtaken as to talk of "juſt revenge *," which, in your ſenſe of the word, implies a contradiction as much as "juſt murder, "juſt robbery, or juſt idolatry;" ſo that my good friend had reaſon, on his own ſuppoſition, to exclaim againſt this paſſage as "horrible and ſhocking." But then it may be modeſtly aſked, why the point in debate is taken for granted, or, in other words, why the queſtion is begged inſtead of being proved, not only in oppoſition to ſo great a maſter of language as Dryden, but to others on the ſame ſide with myſelf? To give one remarkable inſtance from lord Rocheſter, who is acknowledged to have been a correct writer, in theſe lines from Valentinian,

——— ——— ——— "What moſt abject ſlave,
"That lick'd the duſt where'er his maſter trod,
Bounded not from the earth upon his feet,
"And ſhook his chains, that heard of Brutus"
"vengeance?"

Hitherto his lordſhip is with you, but he immediately adds,

"Who

* If our hard fortune no compaſſion draws,
The gods are "juſt," and will "revenge" our cauſe.

" Who that e'er heard the cauſe, applauded not
" That Roman ſpirit for his ' great revenge?"

He does not dream, you ſee, of any ſort of diſtinction between "revenge" and "vengeance," but applies them promiſcuouſly, firſt one and then another, as they happen to come foremoſt. I muſt likewiſe remind you of a celebrated treatiſe called "God's revenge againſt murder:" the author, you will ſay, might be miſtaken as well as others, but then how unfortunate was he to fix a blaſphemous imputation upon the Almighty, in the very title of a book written to do honour to his juſtice! If from authors we paſs to dictionaries, both the French and the Latin are on my ſide. If Littleton makes any diſtinction between the two words, it is to the diſcredit of "vengeance," which he likewiſe ſtyles "cruelly *:" both words are taken by us from the French, a language ſo favourable to "revenge," that, inſtead of the frightful idea you have annexed to it, "to revenge" often ſignifies no more than "to return," as "to return a viſit," "to return a lead at whiſt," &c. If ſo approved a maſter of language as Tillotſon, ſhould appear, through the whole courſe of his ſermons, to have ſtuck to "vengeance," and to have ſtood clear of "revenge,"

* Dr. Johnſon explains "revenge" by "return of an injury," and "vengeance" by "penal retribution;" though he makes the adjectives "revengeful," and "full of vengeance," ſynonimous.

" revenge," it would give great countenance to your opinion, but till that can be made out, I muſt beg leave to think that the whole ſtream of authorities, and the uſe of our language, as it occurs in the beſt authors, are againſt the diſtinction contended for by the ladies, the other gentleman, and you, to whoſe judgment, nevertheleſs, I am ready to ſubmit,

" And argue only to be better taught."

Yours affectionately,

G. J.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Archbiſhop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Lambeth-houſe, April 18, 1752.

AS the author * choſe to convey the encloſed † to me by your hand, I deſire to return it to him the ſame way — but upon condition that you give him my ſincereſt thanks for the peruſal of it. It has given me prodigious pleaſure, and I have but one

* Iſaac Hawkins Brown, eſq;

† *De animi immortalitate, poema,* in manuſcript.

one or perhaps two reaſons for forbearing the ſtrongeſt encomium. I wiſh to God, Lucretius had had ſo good a ſubject, and ſo much at his heart!

THE author's intentions * do me honour, and I am proud of being tranſmitted to poſterity, as a friend to ſuch doctrine ſo explained and illuminated.

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THO. CANTUAR.

LETTER CXXXV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. RICHARDSON †.

DEAR SIR, Frith-ſtreet, Nov. 18, 1752.

ON my enquiry at Mr. Vaillant's, I find reaſon to believe, that the Rev. Mr. Stinſtra, who tranſlated your Clariſſa into Dutch, was author of the

* Of inſcribing it to his grace.

† To this great "maſter of the heart," this Shakeſpear of romance, who, in the words of the Rambler. "taught the "paſſions to move at the command of virtue," the graces may be ſaid to have unveiled nature, and while our language laſts, or taſte and ſenſibility remain, the madneſs of Clementina in particular will be as much admired and felt as that of Lear. And

the little book I mentioned to you, entitled, "A paſtoral letter againſt fanaticiſm," deſigned to confute the extravagant pretenſions of count Zinzendorff and his deluded followers, diſtinguiſhed by the name of Moravians.

THIS tract is yet but little known in England; it was written originally in Dutch, and has been tranſlated into French; whether by the author himſelf, or ſome other hand, I know not; but the extracts from the count's ſermons and the hymns are printed in Dutch only.

HOWEVER, it has not eſcaped the notice of his grace of Canterbury; who has read and mentioned it to ſome of his friends with the approbation it ſo juſtly deſerves. Nay more, he is endeavouring to get it tranſlated into Engliſh as a very uſeful work *. Mr. Stinſtra certainly can be no ſtranger to the character of this excellent prelate; yet I cannot help juſt obſerving, that no man, in ſo high a ſtation, was ever leſs elated with it, more communicative, or

And let it be remembered that the virtues which Richardſon drew he copied from his own heart, the benevolence which he inculcated he conſtantly practiſed in its fulleſt extent. He died July 4, 1761, aged 73.

* It was accordingly tranſlated by Mr. Rinnius. In the preface notice is taken of five ſermons, preached by Mr. Stinſtra, in defence of liberty of conſcience and toleration, and afterwards printed in Dutch. Strange it is that the enthuſiaſm, blaſphemy, and obſcenity of the Moravians ſhould have an advocate in a work of ſuch acknowledged merit as the "Biographia Britannia." But ſee "count Zinzendorff's life" in the "ſupplement," p. 214.

or eaſier of acceſs. He ſpends his large revenue in hoſpitality, and works of beneficence; and is ready to relieve worthy objects of every denomination, when properly recommended. In ſhort, he is a friend to the civil and religious rights of all mankind. With theſe qualities it would be ſtrange indeed if he was not eſteemed and beloved by all parties. The lovers of liberty abroad may envy the happineſs of the church of England under his mild and prudent direction. How much then do we owe to that great man *, (the "keeper of the "king's conſcience," as our laws, I think, ſtyle him,) who firſt introduced, and recommended Dr. Herring to his majeſty!

I HOPE you will ſoon gratify the impatience of the public with your new work †; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and ſervant,

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER

‡ Lord chancellor Hardwicke.

‡ The hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Mr. STINSTRA.

Encloſed in a letter by Mr. Richardſon.

London, June 14, 1754.

. . . . THE preſent archbiſhop of Canterbury, while preacher to the ſociety of Lincoln's inn, had a courſe of excellent ſermons on the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. His few printed diſcourſes were preached on public occaſions, and are all out of print *.

MR. Browne's poem, *De animi immortalitate*, is applauded here by the beſt judges.

MR. Balguy has been dead ſome years. His ſon, a clergyman of learning and genius, was lately a fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge †.

MR. D. is of opinion that ſuch a book of "practical morals" as Mr. Stinſtra ſeems to deſire, is not at all wanted in England.

THE

* They were collected and publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, in one volume octavo, in 1763. There are ſeven of them.

† Dr. Balguy is now archdeacon of Wincheſter.

THE "moral diſcourſes" by Tillotſon and Clarke, cannot, perhaps, be paralleled by any thing among the ancients for ſtrength and perſpicuity.

WOLLASTON'S "Religion of nature delineated" is an admirable work, though his main pillar ſeems too weak to ſupport ſuch a fabric.

DR. FOSTER "on religious and ſocial duties" muſt not be omitted. The prayers at the end are rational and ſublime. It is thought that he deſtroyed his health by too cloſe an application to this work. His defence of the Chriſtian revelation, in anſwer to "Chriſtianity as old as the creation," is worthy of the ſubject.

FORDYCE'S "Elements of moral philoſophy*" is a maſter-piece both for reaſon and eloquence.

GROVE'S ſyſtem of "moral philoſophy" is the ſubſtance of lectures, which he read to his pupils, for he kept an academy. The additional chapters by Mr. Amory (now living) ſeem not inferior to the original.

MR.

* Firſt publiſhed in the "Preceptor." Mr. David Fordyce, who was profeſſor of philoſophy in the mariſhal college of Aberdeen, was alſo author of "Dialogues on education," and "Theodorus, a dialogue concerning the art of preaching." The laſt was publiſhed after his untimely death in 1755 by his brother, the rev. Mr. (now Dr.) James Fordyce. Returning from a tour through ſeveral parts of Europe the profeſſor loſt his life, in its full prime, by a ſtorm on the coaſt of Holland.

Mr. Grove was no leſs an orator than a divine and philoſopher. He is not ſo much known and admired, (which are the ſame thing) as he deſerves to be. There are four fine *Spectators* * in the viiith volume written by him, when very young.

His collection of ſermons is, alſo, excellent. And, upon the whole, he ought to be numbered with our fineſt writers.

Hutcheson is not to be ſet on a level with the foregoing writers, though he has ſome excellent things; but he founds virtue on inſtinct rather than reaſon, which may give occaſion to dangerous miſtakes. Some letters paſſed between him and Mr. Gilbert Burnet (a ſon of the biſhop) on this ſubject; in which Mr. D. thinks the latter had much the better of the argument. They are in print.

Morality juſtly complains of ſuch treacherous friends as Hume and Bolingbroke, but ſmiles on

* Numb. 588, on the dignity of human nature, 601, on benevolence, 626, on the force of novelty, and 635, on the improveable faculties of the ſoul. By theſe papers Mr. Grove ſhowed himſelf well acquainted with the lovely and generous affections of the human ſoul, as well as its ſurpriſing dignity and large capacities for happineſs, which he has repreſented in a manner fit to inſpire his readers with a ſtrong concern to act a part anſwerably generous and noble. The laſt of theſe papers was republiſhed by the direction of Dr. Gibſon, biſhop of London, in an excellent treatiſe, entitled "The evidences of the Chriſtian religion," by Joſeph Addiſon, eſq; 12°. 1731. "Biogr. Britann." vol. iv, p. 2446.

on theſe her genuine ſons, and delights to enroll with them the name of her Stinſtra.

To that pious and learned divine Mr. D. wiſhes health and ſpirits, that he may be able to proſecute and finiſh his laudable eſſays.

P. S. To the authors already mentioned, might have been added *Cumberland de legibus naturæ.*

LETTER CXXXVII.

Dutcheſs Dowager of SOMERSET* to Mrs. ——.

1754.

I AM ſorry, good Mrs. ——, to find that your illneſs ſeems rather to increaſe than diminiſh; yet the diſpoſition of mind with which you receive this painful diſpenſation, ſeems to convert your ſufferings into a bleſſing: while you reſign to the will of God in ſo patient a manner, this diſeaſe ſeems only the chaſtiſement of a wiſe and merciful Being, who chaſteneth not for his own pleaſure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I muſt long ſince have ſunk under the burden of ſorrow, which God ſaw fit to wean my fooliſh heart from this vain world, and ſhow me how

* See note on letter cvii.

how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happineſs. He gave me a ſon *, who promiſed all that the fondeſt wiſhes of the fondeſt parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and ſociety, with the advantage of ſtrong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the "Engliſh "angel" than by that of his family. I know, this account may look like a mother's fondneſs; perhaps it was too much ſo once: but alas! it now only ſerves to ſhow the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependence. This juſtly beloved child was ſnatched from us before we could hear of his illneſs: that fatal diſeaſe, the ſmall-pox, ſeized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day †, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two poſts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent chearfulneſs inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor ‡, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had loſt the moſt dutiful and beſt of ſons, the pride and hope of his declin-

* Lord viſcount Beauchamp. See letter cxiv.

† Sept. 11, 1744.

‡ Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dalton was tutor to lord Beauchamp, but the "Supplement to the Biographical Dictionary," (publiſhed in 1767) ſays "a bad ſtate of health prevented him "from attending his pupil on his travels abroad, and ſaved "him the mortification of being an eye-witneſs of his death."

ing age. He bore the ſtroke like a wiſe man and a Chriſtian, but never forgot, nor ceaſed to ſigh for it. A long ſeries of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground, ſhowed me the ſword which appeared ſuſpended over my head by an almoſt cob-web-thread long before it dropped ‡. As to my bodily pains, I bleſs God, they are by no means inſupportable at preſent: I rather ſuffer a languid ſtate of weakneſs, which waſtes my fleſh and conſumes my ſpirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful ſuffering, and am ſpending thoſe remains of nature which were almoſt exhauſted in continued care and anxiety for the ſufferings of a perſon dearer to me than myſelf. My daughter*, who is very good to me, has ſent me her youngeſt ſon †, juſt turned of four years old, to amuſe me in my ſolitude, becauſe he is a great favourite of mine, and ſhows a great deal of his uncle's diſpoſition, and ſome faint likeneſs of his perſon. It is high time to releaſe you from ſo long a letter, but there are ſome ſubjects on which my tears and pen know not how to ſtop when they begin to flow.

I am, dear madam,

Your ſincerely affectionate friend,

F. SOMERSET.

‡ Algernon duke of Somerſet died Feb. 7, 1749-50.

* The counteſs (now dutcheſs) of Northumberland.

† Now lord Algernon Percy.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Earl of CORKE * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Marignolle†, July 18, 1755.

YOUR kind letter, dear ſir, ſhould have been ſooner anſwered by me, if a gouty winter, and an unhealthy ſpring, had not rendered my correſpondence irkſome, becauſe it muſt have been plaintive. I judge of my friends by myſelf, and therefore would at leaſt hide from them all complaints till entirely over; well knowing what the heart feels on theſe occaſions. The heat of Italy is univerſally acknowledged; ſo ought the cold to be: yet I have ſeldom heard it mentioned. Being perfectly idle, I have kept a diary of the weather, and it would amaze you to ſee the account from Decem-

 ber

* See note on letter xcv.

† His lordſhip with his lady and youngeſt daughter, lady Lucy Boyle (now viſcounteſs Torrington) arrived at Florence October 23, 1754.

Marignolle is within two miles of Florence, and is one of the pleaſanteſt ſituations which the environs of that city afford. Some of the windows of the houſe, in which his lordſhip reſided, command a view of the ancient Fiezole, the remains of which moulder on the ſummit of a very high hill, inconvenient for want of water, moſt beautiful in point of proſpect. That Hetrurian city was enlarged by Sylla the dictator. The triumvirate, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, improved it: it was then called Florentia, and when removed for the acquiſition of water, "Fluentia, quod "ad Arni fluenta extructa ſit."

ber to the middle of May. The uncertainty of the weather was ſtill more ſurpriſing than the cold: we have had all kinds of ſeaſons in a day. For the future, think better of the ſituation of our own iſland than you have done. I have been a terrible ſinner in my opinion of England. Travelling has corrected and opened my eyes in that particular. I repent, and ſhall ſin no more.

We are ſettled in a country-houſe near Florence. The ſituation is high, the proſpect pleaſant, and the diſtance from the town (only two miles) allows my daughter the benefit of all her maſters, which are many and excellent in their kind. Forgive the Florentines their morals, (which appear not openly bad to ſtrangers) and they are an obliging, civil people; who, though without liberty themſelves, love to ſee inſtances of it in others; ſo that we live here very much at our eaſe, and if not with great pleaſure, at leaſt not with diſcontent.

Count Maffei* reſides at Breſcia. He is old, and at preſent engaged in a controverſy on eccleſiaſtical topics; of which diſpute I can tell you no particulars, becauſe indeed I aſked none. He is little known here. We have ſome men of letters in

* This learned and polite writer died ſoon after, as Dr. Warton, in his "Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope," publiſhed in 1758, on quoting a paſſage from him, ſtyles him (p. 191,) "a late acute ſearcher into antiquity," and ſays "his death is juſtly lamented."

in Florence that do honour to their country. Moſt of them read and underſtand Engliſh. I was amazed to find our authors and language in ſuch high eſteem in this part of the world. Let me name ſome of theſe *literati*. The perſon among them with whom I have the greateſt friendſhip is Dr. Cochi, a moſt worthy, learned, and ingenious phyſician. He is in himſelf a living library, and has a heart not at all inferior to his excellent head. He was in England with the late lord Huntingdon, and ſpeaks Engliſh fluently and well. So does the Abbé Nicolini, who has alſo been in England, and is a man of great family, of excellent ſenſe, thorough knowledge of books, perſons, and things, and particularly obliging and attached to the travellers of our nation. The Abbé Buondelmonte is ſuperior to moſt, and inferior in learning to none. My health hindered me from attending the exerciſes of the Cruſcan academy laſt winter; a loſs which I hope to repair the next. There Buondelmonte ſhines. There are ſeveral others, but I have ſent you a triumvirate not eaſily to be paralleled.

I SUPPOSE, the winter has abounded, as uſual, in London, with infinite productions of wit, or what wiſhes to be wit, but as yet I have ſcarce ſeen an Engliſh book. I expect ſome ſoon; amongſt them Mr. Johnſon's dictionary and Hume's hiſtory of Great-Britain. The latter has made a noiſe, ſo as to raiſe the curioſity of many here. After this expected parcel, I ſhall ſcarce venture to ſend for

any more books, leſt they fall a prey to the Gallic privateers, who will drown all Engliſh books, as evil ſpirits that ought to be laid in the ſea. I am ſorry that the chorus of the popular ſong is *Bella, horrida bella.* As yet we have gained ſo little by wars, that my wiſhes are all for peace; but if we muſt have a war, let it be ſharp, ſhort, and deciſive.

YOUR kindneſs will make you glad to know that I am perfectly recovered; but I owe my recovery to the heat, and not to the cold, of Italy. The latter indeed was too ſtrong for me, and knocked me down. I am now enjoying the former, and, as yet, think it agreeable as well as wholeſome. The evenings are delightful. We generally walk from eight to ten, without fear of damps, which, you will allow, is a moſt happy circumſtance.

FEW books are written here; ſome are, but they are local; and the Florentines are in too decaying a ſtate to produce any great or noble work, though they enjoy the fineſt and ſome of the rareſt manuſcripts in the world. The ſcene of Florence is melancholy. The city extremely beautiful, but poverty and idleneſs in every ſtreet. The ſhops are ſhut up four or ſix hours in the middle of the day. By that you will judge of their trade. Sir Horace Mann, the king's reſident here, does great honour to our nation. He lives nobly, keeps an aſſembly once a week, and omits no civility or act of friendſhip

ſhip to his countrymen, or to the Italians; ſo that ſcarce any miniſter was ever ſo much or ſo juſtly eſteemed and beloved.

My paper draws me to an end. I will finiſh almoſt in your own words:—Objects, when viewed near, loſe their luſtre; and the admiration, which firſt poſſeſſed us, turns into a kind of familiarity, that ſometimes is the parent of contempt.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

CORKE.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Earl of Corke to Mr. Duncombe.

Florence, Sept. 12, 1755.

YOU will excuſe the haſte, dear ſir, in which I write this letter, when I tell you that I am packing up my trunks, ſaddling my mules, and bridling my horſes to return to England. Buſineſs calls me, and inclination is very ready to obey the call. We ſhall leave Florence on the 20th, and as we go through Germany, inſtead of France, we may poſſibly be five or ſix weeks on the road, though we are fully reſolved to loſe no time that our diligence or health can command.

Our ſummer now is over, and therefore I can aſſure you that the heats of Italy are by no means ſo dreadful as they have generally been repreſented; nor have the climate, the people, or the proſpects anſwered the pictures that I have often ſeen drawn of them. The autumn, (ſuch I think the preſent ſeaſon) is hitherto rainy; the mornings cool, the evenings warm; the middle of the day ſometimes ſultry. As yet September has been filled with thunder and lightning; chiefly in the nights, always violent, and often attended with high winds. . . .

Mr. Johnſon's dictionary certainly deſerves the thanks and general approbation of the public. It is a vaſt undertaking to be completed by one man. I have not had time to examine it; not even to read the preface. Sir Horace Mann leaves it conſtantly on his table, and I now and then peep into it for ſome few minutes. To pleaſe all, is impoſſible: few will have candour enough to own themſelves pleaſed: ſcarce any will own themſelves improved. But were the truth known, thoſe who are forwardeſt to blame, are generally forwardeſt to ſteal from the very books at which they are ſo ſcornfully offended. The generality of readers intend to appear learned by appearing ſour and ill-natured; and ſince all books muſt have faults, the juſteſt manner of treating thoſe faults is by weighing them with the perfections, and then giving the two ſcales full liberty to vibrate; but

There

There is a luſt in man, no power can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame;
On eagles wings invidious ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

WAR, war is the theme of all diſcourſe. Tuſcany will probably eſcape in peace: here are neither riches nor men to furniſh armies or fleets. The ancient Hetrurians meddled only with arms when omens were auſpicious. The preſent Hetrurians chuſe not to meddle with any weapons more offenſive than a fiddle-ſtick; and, to avoid all omens of battles and bloodſhed, they pay their devotions more to the "Lady" than the "Lord."

I am, dear Sir,

Ever your moſt obedient ſervant,

CORKE.

LETTER CXL.

HENRY JOHNSON*, Eſq; to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamſted †, Feb. 8, 1756.

I NEVER ſaw Mr. Hughes's "poems" till now, upon your mentioning them, I borrowed them of

* Father to the ladies of ſir William Beauchamp Proctor, bart. and the late lord chancellor Yorke. He died in 1760.

† In Hertfordſhire.

your niece, and have glanced the greateſt part of them over. Surely he was a man of very great genius, and his talent for the pleaſing and the pathetic was remarkably excellent. He proved himſelf, as you ſay, a true prophet, and the poem, called the "Ecſtacy," which you particularly recommend, is indeed "ecſtatic" and truly ſublime ‡. You have done a great favour to the world in uſhering ſo noble and ſo inſtructive a work into it. Pity it is for mankind, that ſo good a man, and ſo ingenious an author, ſhould be thus ſuddenly ſnatched away in the full bloom of life and wiſdom. . . . .

I AM much obliged to you for your kind offer of aſſiſtance in the concerns of the Abbot Feijoo *. I am

‡ See Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. ii. p. 299.

* Mr. Baretti, in his "travels" lately publiſhed, gives th following account of this celebrated modern:

"Amongſt the modern writers of Spain, the moſt renowned "is a Benedictine monk, called Father Feijoo. I have ſeen an "edition of his works in eight volumes quarto. He is ſtill "living [1760] and ſtill writing, but I have not read enough "of thoſe volumes to venture upon his character as an author. "By what I have curſorily ſeen, I cannot ſay he would be "looked upon on the other ſide of the Pyreneans with the great "veneration that is paid him in Spain. Nevertheleſs, it is a "rule with me, that a man univerſally eſteemed by his country-"men during ſeveral years, as is the caſe with him, muſt be en-"dowed with uncommon powers, be his weakneſſes and faults "ever ſo numerous. The Spaniſh minute critics have attacked "him ſeverally, and I take it for granted, that ſometimes "they were in the right; it is ſo eaſy a matter to be ſometimes "right, when hunting for faults and weakneſſes even in the "beſt

am ſure he ſtands in need of very great help to make him ſhow his face in an Engliſh dreſs in public: this was never any part of my intention; for what I have done in this work has been only by way of amuſement in the melancholy winter months, and as a means to make me retain, what I value beyond meaſure, the little ſmattering I have of the ſublime language of the Spaniards *. All that I have hitherto done has been only to tranſlate this valuable author out of Spaniſh, but then I am confident I have been far from putting him into Engliſh: this requires a more maſterly hand than I can pretend to. The work is large and laborious; five volumes † in quarto are enough to terrify the moſt daring from looking into it, much more from reviſing and correcting it. The ſubjects too, I doubt, are too grave and unentertaining for the preſent taſte of reading; many of the diſcourſes are metaphyſical and philoſophical, and not a few of them particularly adapted to the preſent reigning follies and prejudices of the Spaniards, and would ſeem

"beſt writers! Yet Feijoo's general powers have ſtood the ma-
"lignant virulence of all Spaniſh reviewers, whoſe wiſe remarks
"have been forgotten as ſoon as read; juſt as it happens in
"England, where minute critics are no leſs plentiful than oy-
"ſters and muſcles."

Journey from London to Genoa, &c. vol. iii, p. 47-9.

* Mr. Johnſon, in his younger years, had reſided ſome time at Buenos Ayres, in the ſervice of the South-Sea company.

† Three more volumes have ſince been added.

ſeem perhaps too foreign and too trifling for an Engliſh reader; and yet, in general, they abound with a great deal of good ſenſe, true learning, and ſound morality. However, that you may have a better notion of the whole, I here ſend you encloſed the titles of the ſeveral diſcourſes, of which I have tranſlated the three firſt volumes complete, and thoſe marked thus † are finiſhed of the others. I agree with you, that it would be a thouſand pities to have ſo valuable a work ſuppreſſed; but who ſhall bring it to light? I am ſure I am not equal to it in any reſpect.

If Father Feijoo's ſtyle be (as you ſay) "clear "and manly" in the Engliſh tranſlation, performed by ſo poor a hand as mine, think what it muſt be when dreſſed in all the loftineſs and nervous ſtrength of the Spaniſh original. I would not be without this limb of modern learning for any conſideration, as I truly think this language, above all others, the moſt ſublime, majeſtic, and copious, as far as my little knowledge extends *.

I never was in Flamſted church, but, upon what you mentioned of an inſcription therein on the

* In like manner, M. Baretti expreſſes his opinion of the Spaniſh language as follows:

"The Spaniſh language, with regard to its ſound, ſeems to "me even more harmonious than ours [the Italian.] It is at "leaſt full as ſuſceptible of muſic as ours, which is not the caſe "with thoſe of England and France. Like that of Tuſcany, "it has ſome ſoft gutturality, which renders it quite enchanting "to my ear."

the Saunders family, I had recourſe to ſir Harry Chauncy's "hiſtory of Hertfordſhire," where I found it at large †, and a very noble and moſt ſolemn compoſition it is; and there are ſome thoughts in it far from common. This put me in mind of rummaging among ſome family memoirs, for an epitaph, ſomething ſimilar, on an anceſtor of mine, the grandfather to my great-grandmother (ſir John Maſon) who lies buried under St. Paul's, and his tomb once ſubſiſted in the old church of Holy Faith under the fabrick of the old cathedral. Dugdale, in his "hiſtory of that church," has preſerved one in Latin on the tomb of the ſame perſon, and ſomething to the ſame purpoſe; but the Engliſh one, as it is ſomewhat pecuſiar, I here ſend you.

"To

† P. 568. This monument, which is very ſtately and expenſive, being all of pure Italian marble, curiouſly wrought and poliſhed, was erected by Thomas Saunders, eſq; of Beechwood (formerly a nunnery, dedicated to St. Giles in the wood) in memory of five of his children. The Engliſh part of the inſcription (above-mentioned) is as follows:

"Whoſo looketh hereon may conſider how fleeting all world-
"ly comforts are, and how great a vanity it is to place his af-
"fection thereon; ſuch things there are as worldly comforts,
"'tis true; but they ought to be looked on as little ſtreams,
"and whoever delights in them more than in the fountain from
"whence they proceed, may ſoon find them dry and vaniſhed.
"The truth of which he that wrote this hath ſenſibly found,
"and wills others to place their affections chiefly on that ob-
"ject of love which is unchangeable, and is the centre of all
"true joy and felicity."

Mr. Saunders died in 1693, leaving iſſue only Anne his daughter and heir, who was grandmother to the preſent ſir John Sebright, baronet, of Beechwood.

" To the memory of ſir JOHN MASON,
" Who, though but threeſcore and three years old
" at his death, yet lived and flouriſhed in the
" reigns of four princes, viz. Henry the eighth,
" Edward the ſixth, queen Mary, and queen Eliza-
" beth, and was a privy-counſellor to them all, and
" an eye-witneſs of the various revolutions and vi-
" ciſſitudes of thoſe times. Towards his latter end,
" being on his death-bed, he called for his clerk
" and ſteward, and delivered himſelf in theſe terms:
" Lo! here have I lived to ſee five princes, and
" have been a privy-couuſellor to four of them: I
" have ſeen the moſt remarkable things in foreign
" parts, and have been preſent at moſt tranſactions
" for thirty years together: and I have learned
" this, after ſo many years experience, that ſeriouſ-
" neſs is the greateſt wiſdom, temperance the beſt
" phyſic, and a good conſcience the beſt eſtate;
" and were I to live again, I would change the
" court for a cloyſter, my privy-counſellor's buſtles
" for an hermit's retirement, and the whole life I
" have lived in the palace for an hour's enjoyment
" of God in the chapel: all things elſe forſake me,
" beſides my God, my duty, and my prayers."

I THANK you for lord Corke's ſentiments of Mr. Hume's " hiſtory of Great-Britain *." His lordſhip's

* Viz. " The ſtyle is particularly lively and excellent. Where
" he is obſcure, I believe, he is affectedly ſo. An impartial hiſ-
" torian will not ever exiſt. His materials are admirably put
" together;

lordſhip's judgment of books is inconteſtable, and therefore from his character of it I ſhall become a purchaſer. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,
Your affectionate humble ſervant,
HEN. JOHNSON.

" THE
" UNIVERSAL THEATRE of CRITICISM,
" OR
" Various DISCOURSES on all kinds of matters
" for the confutation of VULGAR ERRORS.
" By the Rev. Benedictine Father JEROM FEIJOO,
" Abbot of St. VINCENT at OVIEDO.
" VOL. I.

" THE voice of the people. Virtue and vice. " High and low fortune. The beſt policy. Un- " certainty of phyſic †. Regimen to preſerve " health. Defence of the profeſſion of letters. " Judicial aſtrology and almanacks. Eclipſes. Co- " mets. Climacteric years. The fenectude * " of

" together; many very curious remarks; ſome new facts; " and all old and known ſtories put into a new method, and " perfectly entertaining." His lordſhip adds, " The Scotch " are running away with all our literature. I never ſaw a " fooliſh Scotchman: I believe I ſhall now ſcarce ever ſee an " illiterate one."

‡ Theſe two were publiſhed ſeparately (in Engliſh) a few years ago.

* See the next letter.

" of the world. Proſecution of the former ſub-
" ject. Againſt modern philoſophers. Church-
" muſic. Parallel between the French and Spaniſh
" languages. Defence of women †.

" VOL. II.

" PHILOSOPHICAL wars. Natural hiſtory.
" Divining arts. Suppoſititious prophecies. Uſe
" of magic. The modes. Moral ſenectude * of
" mankind. Apparent wiſdom. Antipathy of the
" French and Spaniards. Critical days. Weight
" of the air. Sphere of fire. The anti-periſtaſis.
" Phyſical paradoxes. An intellectual map, or a
" compariſon of nations.

" VOL. III.

" SALUTERS * (or charmers.) Secrets of na-
" ture. Sympathy and antipathy. Hobgoblins
" and familiar ſpirits. The divining rod, and ſe-
" cond-ſighted men (called Zahories *.) Suppo-
" ſititious miracles. Mathematical paradoxes.
" Philoſopher's ſtone. Rationality of brutes.
" Love of native country, and national paſſion.
" Scale of Aſtræa, or right adminiſtration of juſ-
" tice. Ambition in ſovereign princes. Philoſo-
" phical ſcepticiſm.

" VOL. IV.

" APPARENT virtue †. Value of nobility, and
" influence of blood †. Inextinguiſhable lamps †.
" Every

* See the next letter

" Every man his own phyſician †. Sacred pere-
" grinations and pilgrimages. American Spaniards.
" Merit and fortune of Ariſtotle †. Reflections on
" hiſtory †. Transformations, and magical trans-
" migrations †. Fable of the Batuëcas *, and ima-
" ginary places. A new caſe of conſcience. Re-
" ſurrection of the arts, and apology of the an-
" cients †. Glories of Spain, in two parts.

" VOL. V.

" A MATHEMATICAL rule for human faith †.
" Phyſiognomony. A new art of phyſiognomony.
" Machiaveliſm of the antients †. Common ob-
" ſervations. Signs of actual death †. The ex-
" terminating aphoriſm *. Divorce of hiſtory and
" fable. New phyſical paradoxes. Books of poli-
" tics †. The grand magiſtracy of experience †.
" New properties of light †. Exiſtence of a *va-*
" *cuum.* Intranſmutability of the elements. Solu-
" tion of the grand hiſtorical queſtion concerning
" the peopling of America, and revolutions of the
" terraqueous globe †. Popular traditions. A new
" precaution againſt the artifices of alchymiſts,
" and vindication of the author againſt a groſs
" calumny §."

LETTER

* See the next letter.

§ " The honour and advantage of agriculture, the 13th diſ-
" courſe of the viiith volume," ſaid to be tranſlated by a far-
mer in Cheſhire, was printed for Dodſley in 1760. " This,"
ſays the author, " is the only art which had its origin in man's
" ſtate of innocence; other arts aroſe after the world had been
" polluted by ſin—Men were the inventors of all other arts:
" God himſelf invented agriculture."

LETTER CXLI.

Mr. JOHNSON to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamſted, March 4, 1756.

. . . . THE appoſite enquiries you make concerning the titles of ſome of Abbot Feijoo's diſcourſes ſhow the extreme difficulty of a juſt tranſlation of that work; for there are many words in the Spaniſh language that cannot be reduced into any other, nor is there any one tongue, ancient or modern, that abounds with ſo many compound words as the Spaniſh, excepting the Greek only, and if to this be added the many Arabic or Mooriſh words, engrafted on it, as alſo ſome of the ancient original Spaniſh ſtill remaining, you will eaſily conceive the difficulty, though indeed the chief part of the compoſition conſiſts of corrupted Latin. The word "ſeneĉtude," which you enquire after, is derived from *ſenex ſenectus*, and cannot be otherwiſe tranſlated, ſo as to carry any proper idea along with it, than by calling it, "ſeneĉtude;" for if, inſtead of this, we were to ſay the "old age of "the world," it would not anſwer the purpoſe of the two diſcourſes, one of which is to ſhow that the world has not ſuffered any viſible decay in "its ſubſtance" ſince the creation; the other, that it has not degenerated in its "morals," but is much more virtuous now than it was two, three, or four thouſand

thouſand years ago. The word " ſaluters" does not anſwer in this place to the intent of the original. I take it to be derived from the Latin *ſalus*, *ſalutator*; for theſe " ſaluters" here ſpoken of, were and are a ſet of impoſtors in Spain, who pretend to cure infection in man and beaſt, particularly the bite of mad dogs, by blowing on the patients, as I remember here in England there were, ſometime ſince, a parcel of fellows called " ſtrokers," who made a ſhow of the ſame thing in a different manner. " Zahories" is abſolutely Arabic, and the perſons under this denomination pretend to a ſort of ſecond-ſight, ſo as to perceive mines, and ſprings, under ground. " The Batuëcas" is a parcel of land, ſo called, which among the Spaniards is conceived to exiſt in their country, and to be inacceſſible and unapproachable. As to " the exterminating aphoriſm," I will here cite the literal tranſlation from the author, who begins that diſcourſe thus; " I give this infamous epithet to the " 52d aphoriſm of the iid book of Hippocrates, of " which, if I were to ſay, that it has taken away " the lives of more than an hundred thouſand perſons, I ſhould yet fall ſhort of the truth. It " is but juſt therefore that ſuch a notorious homicide as this ſhould be brought on the ſtage of " criticiſm, that thus the whole world ſhould ſee " its execution. The aphoriſm, or to ſpeak more " properly, the ſentence of death, of which we " are ſpeaking, is the following: *Omnia ſecundum*

" *rationem*

" *rationem facienti ſi non ſuccedat ſecundum rationem,*
" *non eſt tranſeundum ad aliud, ſuppetente quod ab*
" *initio probaveris* *."" Our author from hence takes occaſion to decry the miſchievous effects of this maxim, and alſo very learnedly and very wittily to expoſe the ignorance of thoſe phyſicians that adhere too cloſely to it.

I HAVE often thought, as you do, in the affair of theſe Spaniſh diſcourſes, that if a tranſlation was ever to be printed, it might be beſt to do it by ſelecting ſome of the moſt entertaining, and printing them in one volume; but this cannot well be done, as in many of them there are references from one to the others, which makes a ſort of connection between them, though they are on different ſubjects, and as to the idioſyneratic part, ſome curious perſons might be better pleaſed with it than the others more common, it being a foible natural to mankind to laugh at the follies of other people and to neglect their own. I ſhould therefore think, if theſe things were to be publiſhed at all, they would do beſt in numbers, like our monthly magazines, and might come out one in each fortnight, and in this manner there would be time to reviſe and correct them for the preſs †. . . . . .

PRAY

* Παντα κατα λογον ποιεοντι, και μη γινομενων των κατα λογον, μη μεταβαινειν εφ' ετερον, μενοντος τε δοξαντος εξ αρχης.

† Some of theſe pieces were thus printed in the Lady's Magazine in 1760.

PRAY in this diſmal time of earthquakes, had you ever the curioſity to read the account of that of Lima, publiſhed four or five years ago by Oſborne, which was a handy-work of mine, though my name was never uſed in it? The ſubject is proper enough for the melancholy ſeaſon at preſent. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obliged and moſt
obedient humble ſervant,
HEN. JOHNSON.

LETTER CXLII.

Rev. Mr. DYER * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Coningſby †, Nov. 24, 1756.

YOU have moſt agreeably increaſed my obligations: and it was very kind and ingenious to inform me ſomewhat of yourſelf, as, in the generous freedom of your ſpirit, you broke through the little vulgarity of faſhion, and wrote to one whom you never ſaw, and to one who has been long out of the world.

YOUR

* Author of the "Ruins of Rome," the "Fleece," &c.

† Near Horncaſtle in Lincolnſhire.

YOUR invitation is exceedingly engaging. The ſimplicity of your manner of life, and your regular hours, to me are luxuries. And how well do you ſet forth your entertainment in the names of Mr. Hawkins Browne and the author of Clariſſa; and, if I am not miſtaken, in thoſe of Miſs Carter and Miſs Talbot *! What a bill of fare! Yet old Barzillai, though invited by David to the higheſt elegances of life, held it vain to go to Jeruſalem, when he could *no longer hear the voice of ſinging men and ſinging women.* Frailties alſo are troubleſome in company—except in Frith-ſtreet, where they are carried into the arms of humanity. In ſpring therefore, perhaps, I may quit my ſolitude here, and venture abroad with an hundred infirmities upon my head; and ſacrifice my vanity to one ſo benevolent as Mr. Duncombe.

. . . . I HAVE not met with Dodſley's two laſt volumes, and have hitherto miſſed the pleaſure of ſeeing the "ode to health †". Though headachs and ſickneſs make me fearful of reading much, yet I will haſte to ſee it; it will particularly ſuit me: I will ſeek it, as I ſeek health, which, alas! I very much want. Your humble ſervant is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature; who, however, in his poor change of conſtitution, being a little

* A miſtake—probably for Miſs Mulſo.

† By Mr. J. Duncombe. See Dodſley's "poems," vol. iv. p. 275.

little recompenſed with the critic's phlegm, has made ſhift, by many blottings and corrections, and ſome helps from his kind friend, Dr. Akenſide, to give a ſort of finiſhing to the "Fleece" which is juſt ſent up to Mr. Dodſley; but as people are ſo taken up with politics, and have ſo little inclination to read any thing but ſatire and news-papers, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publiſhing it.

I HAVE read none of the Connoiſſeurs—No papers reach this lonely place. I know not how the world goes—but with Mr. Hughes, as an author, I am well acquainted, and am glad that we are to have a fuller account of the life of ſo beautiful a poet *.

LORD chancellor has been favourable to me. This living is 120 l. *per ann.* The other, called Kirkby, 110 l. But my preferments came in this courſe: Catthorp in Leiceſterſhire, (80 l. a year,) was given me by one Mr. Harper in 1741. That I quitted in 1751 for a ſmall living of 75 l. called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by lord chancellor, through Mr. Wray's † intereſt. A year after, through the ſame intereſt, ſir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby

* "In the "Biographia Britannica," by Dr. Campbell.

† Daniel Wray, eſq; one of the deputy tellers of the exchequer, a friend to virtue and the muſes.

Kirkby of lord chancellor, without my ſolicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearneſs to me, though I think myſelf a loſer by the exchange, through the expences of the ſeal, diſpenſations, journeys, &c. and the charge of an old houſe, half of which I am going to pull down. More of myſelf (which your good-natured curioſity draws from me) is this: After having been an itinerant painter in my native country (S. Wales,) and in Herefordſhire, Worceſterſhire, &c. &c. I married, and ſettled in Leiceſterſhire. My wife's name was Enſor*, whoſe grandmother was a Shakeſpeare, deſcended from a brother of every body's Shakeſpeare. We have four children living; three are girls; the youngeſt a boy, ſix years old. I had ſome brothers; have but one left. He is a clergyman, lives at Marybone, and has ſuch a houſe full of children as puts me in mind of a noted ſtatue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling, or climbing, ten or a dozen little boys and girls†.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

JOHN DYER.

LETTER

* Siſter of Mr. Strong Enſor, of Warwickſhire.

† To the account here given may be added, that Mr. Dyer was the ſecond ſon of Robert Dyer, eſq; of Aberglaſney in Carmarthenſhire, a ſolicitor of note; that he finiſhed his ſchool-ſtudies at Weſtminſter under Dr. Freind, from whence he was called away to be inſtructed in his father's profeſſion; but not liking the buſineſs, and his father ſoon after dying, he ſettled himſelf

LETTER CXLIII.

Mr. RICHARDSON to the Rev. Mr. DUNCOMBE*.

DEAR SIR, London, July 14, 1757.

I TAKE this opportunity (by the hands of your worthy father) to attempt to thank you, with a ſtaggering pen, for the letter of the excellent lady who ſubſcribes to it the name of Sylvia. I am charmed with every line of it. A time there was when I could have written ſheets upon the contents. But now I am unhappy with theſe violent tremors. At times they quite unnerve me, and will not ſuffer me to hold a pen.

MY beſt reſpects to this unworthily-afflicted, this prudent, this magnanimous, this pious lady. She has my praiſes and my prayers. She has greatly intereſted me in her ſad ſtory and future deſtiny. Will ſhe not allow me to be acquainted with her progreſs to perfection? To be told in what manner ſhe is able to contend with her difficulties, ſhould they continue, and maintain her reſolution? I hope ſhe will allow me this favour.

himſelf with Mr. Richardſon, painter, in Lincoln's-inn-fields. He afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement, and at Rome formed the plan of his poem on its "ruins". At his return, ill health, his love of books, ſolitude, and reflection, induced him to enter into orders. He died in 1758.

* Fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge, and rector of St. Andrew's, and St. Mary Bredman's, Canterbury.

WHAT a glorious though painful ſituation is hers! The godlike power of forgiveneſs is all her own. Her ſupplications to the throne of grace for herſelf (who that lives has not ſome failings?) muſt ſucceed: ſhe has, let me boldly ſay, a claim to be forgiven, ſince ſhe can forgive the treſpaſſes of one, who, forgetting his vows of deſerved love and honour, can be guilty of premeditated treſpaſs againſt her; and, higher ſtill, reſolve, almoſt againſt all hopes of redreſs and earthly reward, to return good for evil!

POOR Doraſtus! what a figure makes he, placed in the eye of even mitigated juſtice, with his admirable wife! Poor (indeed poor) Doraſtus! —Oh that thou wert to read, that thou wert able to reflect duly upon, the following noble ſentiments of thy exalted lady!—

HERE, my friend, my pen ſtaggering in my fingers, I was about to dictate to a faithful hand the paſſages from the lady's letter which I ſo deſervedly admire. But finding that to do her juſtice, I muſt tranſcribe the greateſt part of her letter, I forbore.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Duncombe!

S. RICHARDSON.

LET-

LETTER CXLIV.

Rev. Mr. MEADOWCOURT * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Worceſter, July 10, 1758.

I AM very much obliged to you for remembering a perſon who has been ſo long out of ſight, and for giving me ſo acceptable a token of your remembrance as the firſt volume of your "Horace." To the diſhonour of this place, there are no bookſellers, and but few readers of books here. Moſt of the clergy, eſpecially the incumbents on cuſhions in a cathedral, have finiſhed their ſtudies before they are lifted into preferment. Worldly cares, or worldly enjoyments, too active, or too paſſive, a life, often lead them too far aſtray from literary purſuits.

I AM glad to find the biſhop of Kildare † mentioned amongſt your friends, as I am ſure that his friendſhip muſt yield you the higheſt ſatisfaction. Every good and agreeable quality meet together in his character, without the leaſt mixture of any thing bad. Nothing is wanting in him but better health, which is ſometimes in ſuch

* Prebendary of Worceſter. He died in 1760.

† Dr. Fletcher. He died at Dublin in 1761.

a ſtate as to occaſion extreme pain to himſelf, and no leſs concern to all who know him.

THE account you have heard of my being much addicted to the peripatetic ſect is a true account. But it is in winter and in the cool ſeaſons that I venture on walks of any conſiderable length. He who travels on foot has an opportunity of wandering from hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream, and from one rich valley to another; of dwelling on lovely landſcapes and delicious ſcenes; and of ſeeing numberleſs objects and numberleſs places, which are inacceſſible to the horſeman, and never were ſeen by any one whirled through the country in the ſtate-priſon of a coach. For theſe and many other reaſons, I chuſe to make uſe of my own legs, and prefer the wholeſome exerciſe of walking to all the modes of conveyance which effeminacy and luxury can invent. If I live to take another philoſophical journey on foot to London, Mr. Duncombe in Frith-ſtreet may depend on hearing me knock at his door.

MY place of reſidence during the ſummer-months is almoſt twenty miles from hence, *in reductâ valle*,

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hoſpitalem conſociare amant ramis.

HERE my days paſs away in peace, undiſturbed by ambition and envy, not altogether devoted to ſolitude, nor too often interrupted by ſocial viſits.

I rejoice

I rejoice here in the works of my hands, which are conſtantly employed in forming a wood into walks, in nurſing a thicket of ſhrubs, and in adding the improvements of art to thoſe of nature in a moſt delightful ſituation *. Was it not for

 ſuch

* This gentleman, while he was fellow of Merton-college, Oxford, about the year 1729, had a very elegant garden there, in which were the following mottos. Over the door,

——— *Me ſylva, cavuſque*
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

On a bench near the entrance of the garden,

——— *Hæc eſt*
Vita ſolutorum miſerâ ambitione gravique.

On another bench next the fields,

——— ——— *Mihi parva rura*
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

On a ſmall pump,

Parvum parva decent.

And on a little pyramid in memory of the founder, Walter de Merton,

Ille nobis hæc otia fecit.

On the outſide of a ſummer-houſe at the upper end of the garden,

In his ipſis rebus, quæ ad requietem animi delectationemque quæruntur, natura dominatur.

And in the inſide,

Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;

Quid

ſuch amuſements as theſe accompanied with the entertainments of books, I ſhould probably be found at the foot of Parnaſſus, courting the muſes, and catching at ſome of that poetical ſpirit which is ſtill indulged to you. May it long be indulged to you, and be ever attended with ſatisfaction and ſucceſs! Theſe are not the compliments, but the ſincere wiſhes, of, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged and

faithful humble ſervant.

R. MEADOWCOURT.

I CAN give you but a bad account of any thing I have publiſhed of late years. Mr. Sandby, bookſeller in Fleet-ſtreet, may perhaps have reaſon to give you a worſe.

LET-

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum;
Quid purè tranquillet, bonos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter, et fallentis ſemita vitæ.

In his chambers alſo, over his books, was inſcribed,

His me conſolor, victurum ſuavius, ac ſi
Quæſtor avus, pater atque meus patruuſque fuiſſent.

And on one of his chairs,

Otium, non deſidia.

LETTER CXLV.

Rev. Mr. MEADOWCOURT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Worceſter, Dec. 4, 1758.

IT is owing to a long excurſion from home, and a more tireſome attendance on an audit, which is here an occaſion of much collegiate feſtivity, that I am ſo late in acknowledging the favour of your letter, and in thanking your ſon for his very acceptable preſent *. No author who finds himſelf praiſed in print can be more delighted than I was, in finding proper juſtice done in the "Femi-"nead" to the characters of Mrs. Madan and Miſs Carter, who have ever been my favourite heroines in verſe. The ſpirit which animates the poems of theſe two ladies ſeems transfuſed into Mr. Duncombe's. His muſe is a muſe of ſound judgment as well as ſtrong ſenſe. She is never unintelligible in her flights, never hides her head *inter nubila*, and never *ſerpit humi*.

* The "Feminead, or Female Genius, a poem." By John Duncombe, M. A. fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge. The ladies there celebrated are Mrs. Catherine Philips, Anne counteſs of Winchelſea, Mrs. Cockburne, Mrs. Rowe, Frances dutcheſs dowager of Somerſet, Anne viſcounteſs Irwin, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Madan, Mrs. Leapor, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Brooke, Miſs Ferrar (now Mrs. Peckard,) Miſs Pennington (ſince dead,) Miſs Mulſo (now Mrs. Chapone,) and Miſs Highmore, ſince married to the author.

I AM glad to hear that you ſpent part of the laſt ſummer at Stocks. You ſeem doubtful whether I have ever been at that agreeable place. Mrs. Duncombe can tell you that I was once a troubleſome gueſt there, on your nephew Lewis's* invitation, for more than a fortnight, and during that time had great ſatisfaction in viſiting Mr. Gore's family at Tring, and my worthy friend Dr. Cowper at Berkhamſted. The beech-woods, the lawns, the hills, the well-watered valleys, and the extenſive views of the country round Ayleſbury, are ſtill ſtrongly impreſſed on my mind. The laſt viſit I paid your brother was the laſt viſit I wiſhed to pay, as I came thither, at his requeſt, with the remains of a moſt amiable and hopeful youth †, and ſaw them laid in the grave. His loſs, and the loſs of Dr. Cowper, have made me a voluntary exile from that part of Hertfordſhire, which, with all its charms, can hold forth nothing inviting to, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and
obliged humble ſervant,
R. MEADOWCOURT.

LET-

* See letter xci.

† See note on letter ciii.

LETTER CXLVI.

Rev. Mr. HIRST *, F. R. S. to the Rev. Mr. DUNCOMBE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Lenox, off Madagaſcar, Sept. 6, 1759.

WHEN we left England, three important expeditions were carrying on. The firſt under

* The writer of this letter (who was the eldeſt ſon of the rev. Dr. Hirſt, late rector of Benwell and Sacum, Hertfordſhire, and was educated at St. Peter's college, Cambridge) after having ſerved as chaplain on board ſeveral of his majeſty's ſhips, (particularly the Hampton-court, when diſpatched to Liſbon after the earthquake, in 1755, of which city he made a drawing in its ruins,) was at this time chaplain to the Lenox and ſecretary to rear-admiral Corniſh. While he was on the coaſt of Coromandel, he was preſent at the ſieges of Pondicherry, Vellour, &c. and on June 6, 1761, he made an accurate obſervation of the tranſit of Venus over the Sun at the government-houſe at Madras, in company with governor (now lord) Pigot, &c. of which an account is given in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," vol. lvi, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1762, p. 177. In March, 1763, he was appointed chaplain to the factory at Calcutta, by the favour of Mr. Vanſittart, then governor of Bengal, and reſided there, in general eſteem, till the year 1765, when he returned to England, with his excellent friend, in his majeſty's ſhip the Panther. In their paſſage, Mr. Hirſt took a view of the cape of Good Hope, which was engraved in 1766 by Mr. Canot. At the ſecond tranſit of Venus, on June 3, 1769, Mr. Hirſt was one of the aſſiſtants to the aſtronomer-royal at Greenwich, and an account of his obſervation was publiſhed in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," vol. lviii, p. 361, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1770,

commodore Moore in the Weſt Indies, the next under admiral Saunders againſt Quebec, and the third under admiral Boſcawen ſent to the Mediterranean. The event of theſe muſt now be determined and known at home. I hope they have all fully anſwered the public expectation *.

Our ſquadron ſailed from St. Helen's, in company with the latter, on the 15th of April, 1759. In the chops of the channel our two fleets ſeparated, to purſue our reſpective deſtinations.

Our firſt place of rendezvous was the iſland of Madeira, where we anchored May 2. This is a very fertile ſpot, but the generality of the inhabitants are poor; at which you will not wonder, when I tell you how much they are peſtered with ſwarms of idle prieſts and monks—mere drones, who live upon the honey of the hive!

Sic

1770, p. 402. Being now in eaſy circumſtances, happy in himſelf and in his friends, nothing could have tempted him to "wander again over the face of the great deep" but the ties of gratitude and the calls of friendſhip. On a heart like his, theſe had claims that were irreſiſtible. As chaplain to the commiſſion he therefore embarked with Mr. Vanſittart on board the Aurora, in Sept. 1769; and in that fatal voyage accompanied, alas! the ſupervisors to "that country from whoſe bourn no "traveller returns." Let this ſuffice—the wound is too painful to bear any farther probing.

* They did moſt fully; witneſs the conqueſt of Guadeloupe and Quebec, and the deſtruction of the Toulon-fleet. Admiral Corniſh's ſquadron was no leſs ſucceſsful by contributing largely to the reduction of Pondicherry and Manilla.

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.

HERE I had the pleaſure of ſeeing a comet in the Conſtellation Crater. From its great ſouthern latitude, I believe it was not viſible in England, as it diſappeared before it made any conſiderable progreſs to the northward. I tranſmitted a crude account of it to my good friend commiſſioner Mead, of the cuſtoms, but by being on board, and wanting proper inſtruments, could not be very exact in the obſervation. However, I traced its path in the heavens with ſufficient accuracy to determine its motion and inclination to the ecliptic.

AFTER we had taken in our wine and other neceſſaries for our voyage, we prepared to leave this iſland, and were under weigh May 8. Our next rendezvous was St. Auguſtine's Bay, on the weſt ſide of the iſland of Madagaſcar, where we arrived Auguſt 11, and having completed our water, and refreſhed our people, ſailed from thence September 1.

THE accounts of this place are very imperfect, from its being ſo little frequented by Europeans, except in time of war, when the Engliſh Eaſt India fleets generally touch here to be ſupplied with freſh proviſions, &c. In ſhort, it is under the ſame predicament to us that we were to the Romans,

Romans, being *penitus toto diviſa orbe* *. But be this as it may, it is a very fine iſland, productive not only of the neceſſaries but even the delicacies of life. It would fill many ſheets to acquaint you with the anecdotes I collected, and the obſervations that occurred, during our ſtay there. Suffice it to ſay (merely for the ſake of thruſting in a poetical quotation) that in the offing of St. Auguſtine's Bay we ſaw many whales, which frequently ſwim very near the ſhip, and were near half as long: an awful ſight! Theſe the natives call *tuſhes*. They ſpout water to an incredible height, and in the moſt ſtark calm will, by flouncing and laſhing their tails, ſtir the ſea to a tempeſt. They abound ſo much in theſe parts, that it

* The beſt and moſt authentic account ever given of Madagaſcar was publiſhed in 1729 by Robert Drury, who, being ſhip-wrecked on the ſouth ſide of that iſland when a boy, in the Degrave Eaſt Indiaman, lived there as a ſlave fifteen years, and after his return to England, among thoſe who knew him (and he was known to many, being a porter at the Eaſt-India-houſe) had the character of a downright honeſt man, without any appearance of fraud or impoſture. In confirmation of the truth of this narrative, it exactly agrees, as far as it goes, with the journal kept by Mr. John Benbow, (eldeſt ſon of the brave but unfortunate admiral,) who, being ſecond mate of the Degrave, was alſo ſhip-wrecked, and narrowly eſcaped being maſſacred by the natives with the reſt of the crew, Drury and three other boys only excepted. Mr. Benbow's journal was accidentally burnt, in the year 1714, in a fire near Aldgate, but ſeveral of his friends, who had ſeen it, recollected the particulars and its correſpondence with Drury's. To the circumſtance of its being thus deſtroyed, as well as the ſubject of it, the compiler of Mr. Benbow's life in the Biographia Britannica," vol. i, p. 688, ſeems to have been a ſtranger. Inſtead of " a large and very " comprehenſive book,' it was only a journal, like thoſe kept by every ſea-officer.

it is no uncommon ſight to ſee ten or twelve of them ſpouting together, which, at a diſtance, very much reſemble the ſea breaking on a ledge of rocks:

——— ——— ——— Huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempeſt the ocean—here Leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep,
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land—and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out, a ſea.
O rare John Milton!

MADAGASCAR is divided into a number of petty kingdoms or ſtates, the largeſt of which is that of Breceſs, which (as the natives informed me) abounds with gold mines, as does the kingdom of Volambo with thoſe of ſilver. And there is great reaſon to credit this aſſertion; for the teeth of many of the ſheep and other cattle killed on board our ſhip were ſo much covered with a metalline ſcale as to reſemble teeth of braſs. This the miners are ſaid to look upon as an infallible indication of a mine being under the ſurface on which ſuch cattle graze. I will not anſwer for the infallibility of this trial, but am ſure it is more conſiſtent with reaſon than the idle tales of the divining rods. In the firſt volume of the learned Boerhaave's "Elements of chemiſtry," page 22, part ii, I met with the following obſervation: the author, treating of gold, ſays, "In Madagaſcar "there is a very ſoft ſort which runs like lead,

"with

" with a gentle fire :" for the truth of this he refers to " Flacourt's hiſtory of the iſland of Ma- " dagaſcar," ch. 49. I have not this book; yet have often obſerved a large button of a yellow caſt, like thoſe which the Dutch wear on their breeches, tied, by way of ornament, to the crown of the Madagaſcar princes heads *. This, I found, was remarkably ſoft, which made me think it was baſe metal, but they all affirmed it was fine gold. I ſhall mention but one circumſtance more to corroborate the above opinion. Not far from Tent-rock in St. Auguſtine's Bay, in the king of Baubau's dominions, is a mineral ſpring, which alſo affords reaſon to ſuſpect that there are mines of

* In like manner Drury ſays, p. 44, " The men adorn them- " ſelves with " mannelers,' which are rings for their wriſts; " and theſe both men and women of diſtinction wear. They " are ſometimes of gold, (' but where they get it is more than " I know, and perhaps worth enquiring after,') often of ſilver, " but more often of copper; which I found at length is pro- " duced, and made in the country, as well as iron."

Again, p. 376, deſcribing the dreſs of the king of Feraingher, (called by the Europeans Yong-owl) he ſays, " On his forehand " were ſeveral gold beads; about his neck was a very fine gold " necklace, on each wriſt about ſix mannelers of ſilver, and four " rings of gold on his fingers."

And p. 393, " They have ſilver in ſome of the moſt moun- " tainous and inland parts of the country, and know how to " make ear-plates of it and mannelers; ſo that I have the ſtron- " geſt reaſon to think the country produces it; nor is there much " reaſon to doubt but gold is to be found here."

If therefore it be true that the French have eſtabliſhed a colony in Madagaſcar, theſe hidden treaſures may perhaps have been one of their inducements, and not commercial views only, for which their neighbouring iſlands of Mauritius, or Bourbon, are as conveniently ſituated.

of ſome ſort or other in its neighbourhood. However, our European Mammon has not yet ſet foot on this rich ſoil; for he, according to Milton, firſt taught men to value gold:

——— ——— ——— By him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid—

I am, &c.

W. HIRST.

LETTER CXLVII.

JOSEPH WARD, Eſq; * to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR, Willington †, Oct. 14, 1761.

I RECEIVED your favour of the 29th of July, and though I am ſenſible that from the prophecies in the Old and New Teſtament, and from the hiſtory, calamities, diſperſion, and preſent ſtate and condition of the Jews a ſtrong argument may be drawn in favour of the Chriſtian revelation, yet I know myſelf abſolutely incapable to

* Barriſter at law. He died in 1767.

† Near Derby.

to do juſtice to it; but as you ſay, "you will not "admit of any excuſes from pretended inability, "which (you ſay) are trite and you ſhall deem "unkind." I have no other way than to try (however unequal I am) to perform the taſk you are pleaſed to impoſe upon me.

THE moſt eaſy and natural method of proceeding in this matter ſeems to me to be

1. To conſider ſome of the moſt remarkable prophecies in the Old and New Teſtament.

2. WHETHER many of thoſe prophecies, (though not all) have been completed and accompliſhed.

3. To examine, whether, ſuppoſing you lay the prophecies and their completions out of the caſe, the preſent ſtate of the Jews is not a ſtrange and unnatural phænomenon, and, according to the nature and common courſe of things, wholly and abſolutely unaccountable.

IN the xxviiith chapter of Deuteronomy, the Jews, as a nation, are threatened with a long catalogue of terrible evils in caſe of diſobedience, which, from the 16th verſe to the 37th, are particularly enumerated.

In the 37th verſe, *Thou ſhalt become an aſtoniſhment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord ſhall lead thee.*

45. *Moreover,*

45. *Moreover, all theſe curſes ſhall come upon thee, and ſhall purſue thee, and overtake thee, till thou be deſtroyed: becauſe thou hearknedſt not unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments and his ſtatutes which he commanded thee.*

46. *And they ſhall be upon thee for a ſign, and for a wonder, and upon thy ſeed for ever.*

49. *The Lord ſhall bring a nation againſt thee from far, from the end of the earth, as ſwift as the eagle flieth, a nation whoſe tongue thou ſhalt not underſtand:*

50. *A nation of fierce countenance, which ſhall not regard the perſon of the old, or ſhew favour to the young.*

52. *And he ſhall beſiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou truſtedſt, throughout all thy land, &c.*

53. *And thou ſhalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the fleſh of thy ſons and of thy daughters (which the Lord thy God hath given thee) in the ſiege and in the ſtraitneſs wherewith thy enemies ſhall diſtreſs thee:*

54. *So that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye ſhall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his boſom, and towards the remnant of his children which he ſhall leave:*

55. *So*

55. *So that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat: because he hath nothing left him in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates.*

56. *The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter,*

57. *And towards her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and towards her children which she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates.*

64. *And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone.*

65. *And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind.*

66. *And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.*

67. *In*

67. *In the morning thou ſhalt ſay, Would God it were even: and at even thou ſhalt ſay, Would God it were morning, &c.*

THESE are ſome of the remarkable verſes in that chapter, with which a man of humanity cannot help being wounded in the tranſcribing; nor can a man help obſerving what ſtrong painting of deep diſtreſs is therein contained!

IN the xxxth chapter of Deuteronomy, verſe 1. *And it ſhall come to paſs when all theſe things are come upon thee, the bleſſing and the curſe, which I have ſet before thee, and thou ſhalt call them to mind among all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee,*

2. *And ſhalt return unto the Lord thy God, and ſhalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy ſoul:*

3. *That then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compaſſion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath ſcattered thee.*

4. *If any of thine be driven out into the outmoſt parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.*

5. *And*

5. *And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers have poſſeſſed, and thou ſhalt poſſeſs it, &c.*

FOR though the Jews were to ſuffer all theſe calamities, to be ſcattered and diſperſed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be abſolutely deſtroyed, as appears by ſeveral places in the prophets:—Jeremiah xxx. 10, *Therefore fear thou not, O my ſervant Jacob, ſaith the Lord, neither be diſmayed, O Iſrael: for lo, I will ſave thee from afar, and thy ſeed from the land of their captivity, and Jacob ſhall return, and ſhall be in reſt and quiet, and none ſhall make him afraid.*

11. *For I am with thee, ſaith the Lord, to ſave thee: though I make a full end of all nations whither I have ſcattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee: but I will correct thee in meaſure, and will not leave thee altogether unpuniſhed.*

AGAIN, Jeremiah xlvi. 28. *Fear thou not, O Jacob, my ſervant, ſaith the Lord, for I am with thee, for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in meaſure, yet will I not leave thee wholly unpuniſhed*; in the margin of the bible now lying before me it is *not utterly cut thee off*, and probably it ought to be ſo tranſlated.

A REMNANT was to return out of all the countries whither God had driven them. Jeremiah

remiah xxiii. 3. *And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds, and they ſhall be fruitful and increaſe.*

Iſaiah x. 20. *And it ſhall come to paſs in that day, that the remnant of Iſrael, and ſuch as are eſcaped of the houſe of Jacob, ſhall no more again ſtay upon him that ſmote them: but ſhall ſtay upon the Lord, the holy One of Iſrael, in truth.*

21. *The remnant ſhall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God.*

Iſaiah xi. 12. *And he ſhall ſet up an enſign for the nations, and ſhall aſſemble the outcaſts of Iſrael, and gather together the diſperſed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.*

Ezekiel vi, from verſe the 1ſt to the 8th, after ſeveral judgments are denounced: verſe the 8th, *Yet will I have a remnant, that ye may have ſome that ſhall eſcape the ſword among the nations, when ye ſhall be ſcattered through the countries.*

I SUPPOSE it not neceſſary to cite any more of the prophecies of the Old Teſtament; let us now examine ſome of the New.

IN the xxivth chapter of Matthew, Jeſus foretels the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, when his diſciples

diſciples were deſirous that their maſter ſhould obſerve the magnificence and beauty of the temple.

Verſe 2. *And Jeſus ſaid unto them, See ye not all theſe things? Verily I ſay unto you, there ſhall not be left one ſtone upon another that ſhall not be thrown down.*

SEE alſo Mark xiii, i. and Luke xxi, 6, which are parallel places.

AGAIN, Matthew xxiv, 3. *And as he ſat upon the mount of Olives, the diſciples came unto him privately, ſaying, Tell us, when ſhall theſe things be? And what ſhall be the ſign of thy coming, and of the end of the world* ?*

4. *And*

* It ſhould be tranſlated "*the end of the age*," και της συντελειας του αιωνος, the word αιων ſignifying *ævum*, or *ſæculum*, as well as *mundus*: that this ſhould be ſo tranſlated appears from the 34th verſe of this chapter, *Verily I ſay unto you, this generation ſhall not paſs till all theſe things be fulfilled*; and I take it that the deſtruction of Jeruſalem was not forty years after the crucifixion of our Saviour. I am aſſiſted in this remark by the ingenious author of the "Harmony of the goſpels," who, by *the end of the age to happen at his coming*, ſays, "the diſciples could mean nothing but the "end of the political œconomy or form of government by heathen governors, or procurators, which then ſubſiſted; and "they might look on their maſter's coming to deſtroy the age "or political conſtitution of the nation then ſubſiſting as a very "agreeable event; and as to the demolition of the temple, "they might expect a larger and more ſuperb building in its "ſtead, proportionable to the number of the Meſſiah's ſubjects. "—Therefore, to ſhow them their miſtake, Jeſus told them he "was

4. *And Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.*

5. *For many ſhall come in my name, ſaying, I am Chriſt: and ſhall deceive many.*

6. *And ye ſhall hear of wars, and rumours of wars: ſee that ye be not troubled: for all theſe things muſt come to paſs, but the end is not yet.*

THE Jews were very fond of the notion of the Meſſiah being a temporal deliverer, and as the troubles of the nation were coming on, might think that if ever he was to appear, now was the time, and, therefore, in this and other places, the diſciples are cautioned not to be led away by the pretences of falſe Chriſts, that might ariſe, or terrified at the proſpects of theſe calamities, which muſt come to paſs ſome time before the deſtruction of the nation, *but the end is not yet*; "but the end of the age, or "Jewiſh diſpenſation, will not happen imme-"diately."

Verſe 14. *And this goſpel of the kingdom ſhall be preached in all the world, for a witneſs unto all nations, and then ſhall the end come*; which is thus paraphraſed by Mr. Macknight: "The per-"ſecutions raiſed againſt Chriſtians, and the "tribulations

"was not coming to raiſe the Jews to univerſal empire, as "they ſuppoſed, but to puniſh them for their perfidy and re-"bellion, by deſtroying their nation."

" tribulations befalling the land, ſhall ſcatter " my diſciples, by which means the goſpel ſhall " be preached through all the Roman empire; and " then ſhall come *the end of the age*, concerning " which you are enquiring."

BY *the abomination of deſolation* (in the 15th verſe, and in Mark xiii, 14, and Daniel ix, 26 and 27) the Roman armies are ſuppoſed to be meant, with their enſigns and ſtandards, whereon the images of their idols were painted; which armies were an abomination to the Jews, on account of their idolatry.

21. *For then ſhall be great tribulation, ſuch as was not ſince the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever ſhall be.*

27. *For as the lightning cometh out of the eaſt, and ſhineth even unto the weſt: ſo ſhall alſo the coming of the Son of man be.*

28. *For whereſoever the carcaſe is, there will the eagles be gathered together.*

THESE two verſes are thus paraphraſed:— " The coming of the Son of man ſhall be, " like lightning, ſwift and deſtructive, yet he " will not come perſonally; his ſervants only " ſhall come, the Roman armies, who, by his " command, ſhall deſtroy this nation, as eagles " devour their prey." The expreſſion is ſaid to

to be proverbial, and beautifully applied, when it is remembered that the Romans bore in their ſtandards an eagle.

29. *Immediately after the tribulation of thoſe days, ſhall the ſun be darkened, and the moon ſhall not give her light, and the ſtars ſhall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens ſhall be ſhaken.*

"THESE (the above gentleman ſays) are "high figurative expreſſions, ſignifying the "decay of all the glory, excellency, and proſpe- "rity of the nation; the whole Jewiſh polity, "government, laws, and religion, which were "the work of heaven, ſhall be diſſolved." The deſtruction of Babylon is foretold in ſimilar terms, Iſaiah xiii, 10. See the prophet Joel, iii, 15. He ſays likewiſe, that "Dr. Lightfoot has prov- "ed, from the Talmud, that the Jews uſed "theſe phraſes in deſcribing the ruin of a ſingle "family." He quotes Maimonides, who gives the reaſon of this phraſeology: "Iſaiah, "ſpeaking of ſuch as have been conquered, ſays, "*their ſun and moon have loſt their light*; ſo alſo "he ſays of conquerors, that *their ſun and moon in- "creaſe their light.* For experience proves, that "the eyes of men in great miſery grow dim, and "do not ſee the light in its full ſplendor, the "nerves being weakened for want of ſpirits: on "the other hand, when by joy the ſoul is en- "larged, and the animal ſpirits are conveyed in "abundance to the organs of viſion, the ſun and "light appear greater than before."

THIS puts me in mind of the xiith chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, verſe 1, where we are exhorted to *remember* our *Creator in the days of* our *youth*, before the approach of old age, *while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.*

2. *While the ſun, or the light, or the moon, or the ſtars be not darkened*; after which follows a beautiful deſcription of old age, as I underſtand it to be.

To go on; Matthew xxiv, 30. *And then ſhall appear the ſign of the Son of man in heaven: and then ſhall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they ſhall ſee the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

To come in the clouds of heaven is ſaid to ſignify God's interpoſing evidently to execute vengeance on a wicked generation. Pſalm xcvii, 2, and Iſaiah xix, 1. And the above verſe is thus paraphraſed: "They ſhall ſee the accompliſhment "of what Daniel foretold, by the figurative ex- "preſſion of *the Son of man coming in the clouds of* "*heaven*, for they ſhall behold ſignal puniſh- "ments executed on the Jewiſh nation, by the "Roman armies, ſent for that end by the Son of "man."

I CONFESS there did appear to me ſome difficulties in this chapter, which perhaps may have

have led me out of the way, though, I think, thoſe difficulties have been in a great meaſure cleared up by the commentators; but the 31ſt verſe I cannot ſay I underſtand: *And he ſhall ſend his angels with a great ſound of a trumpet, and they ſhall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other**.

To go on; Luke xix, 41. *And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,*

43. *For the days ſhall come upon thee, that thine enemies ſhall caſt a trench about thee, and compaſs thee round, and keep thee in on every ſide,*

44. *And ſhall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they ſhall not leave in thee one ſtone upon another, &c.*

Luke xxi, 20. *And when ye ſhall ſee Jeruſalem compaſſed with armies, then know that the deſolation thereof is nigh.* Matthew xxiv, 15.

* Dr. Whitby ſays, "Here the τότε *then*, in Mark xiii. "27. ſo plainly ſhows that this relates to the ſame time men- "tioned in the foregoing verſe, that no explication of theſe "words, referring them to a long time after the deſtruction "of Jeruſalem, ought to be admitted as the true ſenſe of "them." Dr. Lightfoot gives the ſenſe of theſe words thus: "When Jeruſalem ſhall be reduced to aſhes, and that wicked "nation cut off, then ſhall the Son of man ſend his miniſters "(Chriſtians) of ſeveral nations from the four corners of the "heaven; ſo that God ſhall not want a church, although that "ancient nation be rejected and caſt off, the churches of the "Gentiles ſucceeding to her."

22. *For theſe be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled.*

23. *But wo unto them that are with child, and to them that give ſuck in thoſe days: for there ſhall be great diſtreſs in the land, and wrath upon this people.*

24. *And they ſhall fall by the edge of the ſword, and ſhall be led away captive into all nations: and Jeruſalem ſhall be trodden down of the Gentiles, &c.*

THESE and other texts need no comment, and I ſhall not multiply them.

NOW I will ſuppoſe that an impartial man hath conſidered theſe and ſeveral other texts to the ſame purpoſe, both in the Old and New Teſtament; I will alſo ſuppoſe that he hath read the "Hiſtory of Joſephus," of the terrible deſtruction of Jeruſalem, and the calamities the Jews ſuffered in the ſiege, and hath likewiſe taken a view of their diſperſion into all the countries of the known world, and of their preſent ſtate and condition; I would then aſk what judgment muſt ſuch a man make of this whole matter? Muſt he not think there is ſomething extraordinary in the hiſtory of this people? When he compares the prophecies with the ſubſequent facts, muſt he not acknowledge the predictions divine? When Jeſus foretold the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, it was, at that time, very improbable; for

for though the Jews were indeed ſubject to the Romans, yet it was before their revolt, when there was not the leaſt appearance of what was to come to paſs, and when the ſtate was rather in a flouriſhing condition than otherwiſe; I think this is agreed on all hands; notwithſtanding which, the deſtruction of Jeruſalem happened, I ſay, within forty years after the predictions of our Saviour, attended with ſuch terrible circumſtances as never befel to any ſtate or people before. So that the prediction that *there ſhould be great tribulation, ſuch as was not ſince the beginning of the world to this time*, looks as much like a hiſtory of paſt facts, as a prophecy of what was to come. This will appear, whether we conſider the factions and ſeditions in the city during the ſiege, the heat and animoſity of the contending parties, their exceſſive cruelties to one another, or the terrible famine they endured. "Moſt miſe-"rable," ſays Joſephus, "was the manner of "living, and a ſpectacle which none without "tears could behold. During the famine no "reverence was had for any man: wives took "the meat out of their huſbands mouths, chil-"dren from their parents, and mothers from "their infants, the ſaddeſt ſpectacle of all! No "one had now any compaſſion, neither did they "ſpare their deareſt infants, but ſuffered them to "periſh in their arms, by taking from them the "very drops of life. Yet they could not eat in "ſuch *ſecrecy*, but ſome or other of them ſtill "came to take away from them that whereupon

" they fed. Old men were driven away, and " not permitted to keep or defend their food; " women were drawn up and down by the hair " of their heads for hiding their food; no pity " remained either to old age or infancy. They " took young babes, their mouths full of meat, " and daſhed them againſt the ground. Horrible " cruelties were deviſed to extort food from " others; it was abominable to hear what the " people endured to make them confeſs one loaf " of bread or one handful of corn which they had " hidden.

" THESE miſcreants [the heads of the parties " or factions] did not yet, for all this, feel either " hunger or thirſt, for then their impieties had " been more tolerable, but they did it only to ex- " erciſe their cruelty, preparing ſix days food for " themſelves beforehand." And, a little after, he ſays, " I am not able to recount all " their iniquities, but I think never any city " endured the like; and that never any people " ſince the memory of man were ſo cruel and " barbarous."

Book vi. chap. 11.

IN another place he ſays, " An innumerable " multitude periſhed within the city through " famine, for in every place where any ſhow " or ſign of food appeared, immediately a battle " enſued; and the deareſt friends of all fought " one with another, to take the food from each " other,

" other, neither did they believe perſons that " were dying for famine, when they ſaid they " had nothing left to eat." And in book the viith, chap. the 8th, he tells a ſhocking ſtory of a lady of a noble family, who, for famine, killed her ſon, whom ſhe dreſſed for meat. This lady was, in all probability, a *tender and delicate woman*, who, in the language of Moſes, might ſcarce *venture to ſet the ſole of her foot upon the ground*, and yet, through miſery, famine, and deſpair, was induced to act this tragedy.

You will pleaſe to obſerve, that the teſtimony of Joſephus, with regard to his hiſtory of the Jews, is unexceptionable. He was a priſoner in Titus's camp during the ſiege, was a Jew himſelf, and an eye-witneſs of the ruin of his country. Joſephus ſays, " 1,100,000 perſons periſhed in " the ſiege;" ſo that if this prophecy of *Jeruſalem's being trodden down of the Gentiles* (admitting the truth of ſuch prophecy) was not fulfilled, there never can be any completion of any prophecy.

As to their diſperſion, it is ſaid, Deuteronomy xxviii, 64. *The Lord ſhall ſcatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth to the other*; which is the fact at this day. Mr. Addiſon ſays, " They ſwarm over all the Eaſt, and are ſettled " in the remoteſt parts of China; they are ſpread " through moſt of the nations of Europe and

" Africa, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed " in the Weſt Indies."

BUT though the Jews were to ſuffer theſe calamities, and to be ſcattered and diſperſed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be utterly deſtroyed; for though God *makes a full end of all nations, yet he will not make a full end of them.* Jeremiah xlvi, 28. Though God Almighty, in the courſe of his providence, ſuffers an end to be made of all nations, by revolutions, and that when any people is conquered and mixes with any other nation or nations, they are melted down into one common maſs, ſo that it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh their genuine deſcendants, which has been the common fate of other nations; yet this ſhall not be the caſe of the Jews, who ſhall be preſerved a people ſeparate and diſtinct from all others in the world, though without king, without country, and without government, to enforce the obſervation of their law, which is their preſent ſituation, and hath been their caſe for about ſeventeen hundred years.

MR. ADDISON, in the viith volume of the Spectator, numb. 495, endeavours to enquire what natural or providential reaſons may be aſſigned with regard to the number of the Jews, their diſperſion, and adherence to their religion.

" As

" As to their diſperſion (he ſays) it would " probably have loſt their religion, had it not " been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution; " for they are to live all in a body, and generally " within the ſame encloſure, to marry among " themſelves, and to eat no meats that are not " killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts " them out from all table-converſation, and the " moſt agreeable intercourſes of life; and, by " conſequence, excludes them from the moſt pro- " bable means of converſion.

" As to the providential reaſons that may be " aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall " find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adhe- " rence to their religion have furniſhed every age " and every nation of the world with the ſtrongeſt " arguments for the Chriſtian faith, not only as " theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but " as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of theſe " and all the other prophecies, which tend to " their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes " us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes, that at- " teſt the truth of the Old Bible; their diſperſion " ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the " world, and their adherence to their religion " makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable." Thus far Mr. Addiſon.

UPON the whole, I think it muſt be owned, that the number and diſperſion of the Jews, their adherence to their religion, and their being kept

ſeparate and diſtinct from all other nations, are particulars in the character of theſe people ſo ſurpriſing, that the like cannot be affirmed of any other people in the world.

But here I am very ſenſible that it is neceſſary for me to obviate an objection that may be made, with regard to their being a people kept ſeparate and diſtinct from all other nations, for that if this particular can be accounted for in a natural way, there is nothing extraordinary in it, and that it may be ſaid that there can be no great wonder that theſe people ſhould be kept ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world, if they were to intermarry with other nations, and that this of itſelf will account for their being kept and preſerved a people ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world.

In anſwer to this objection it is alledged, that this command not to intermarry with other nations was only a temporary command, and regarded the Jews chiefly when they expelled the Canaanites, and took poſſeſſion of the land of Canaan, and at their firſt ſettling there, as a means of preſerving them againſt idolatry, and by the viith chapter of Deuteronomy, it rather appears to be ſo: but I confeſs this is not quite ſatisfactory to me, becauſe it does not appear ſo clear to me that it is a temporary command, and it is pretty evident to me that the Jews did not underſtand it to be ſo, nor do they underſtand it to be ſo now, becauſe

becauſe they at this time, I ſuppoſe, in general, obſerve and act in obedience to this command, and there is no reaſon, that I know of, to ſuppoſe that we underſtand their laws better than they themſelves do.

HOWEVER, to this objection I anſwer, that if we conſider the hiſtory of the Jews from our Saviour's time, the unparalleled perſecutions, maſſacres and cruelties they have met with, the univerſal contempt they lie under, their being incapable to hold either lands or offices in any nation or country, ſo that the prophecy of Moſes, that *they ſhould become an aſtoniſhment, a proverb, and a bye-word*, ſeems literally to be fulfilled; I ſay, if we conſider that they now are and have been vagabonds and wanderers for above ſeventeen hundred years, without king, without country, without government, and that notwithſtanding theſe diſadvantages, they ſhould ſtill remain ſcattered and diſperſed through all nations, yet preſerved ſeparate and diſtinct from, and neither mixed nor incorporated with, other nations, it is very certain there is no other inſtance of any ſuch people or nation in the world.

COULD human nature ſubſiſt for ſuch a length of time under ſuch diſadvantages and inconveniences, if there was nothing providential in this matter?

THE

THE Jewiſh law abounds in burthenſome ceremonies, for the inſtitution of ſome of which it may be a difficult matter to aſſign a reaſon, unleſs they are conſidered as peculiarities adapted to a peculiar people: is not their ſtrict adherence to their law for ſuch a length of time very extraordinary, when the conſequence of ſuch their adherence ſubjects them to ſo many inconveniences, and eſpecially when there is no government to enforce it?

IN all revolutions and political changes do we not ſee that the conquerors and conquered generally unite and become one people? Is not this the common fate of all nations? Is not this the experience of the world? Is this the caſe of the Jews? If not, is there not ſomething extraordinary in their caſe?

OUR own nation is a mixture of the old inhabitants, of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, each of which denominations is now entirely ceaſed, and we are united into one body called the Engliſh, a flouriſhing people, and I hope will long continue ſo.

YOU may remember, that, eight or ten years ago, there was a ſcheme ſet on foot for a general naturaliſation-bill, viz. for naturaliſing all foreigners that might come and ſettle here, and even the Jews were to be included: I did then think, and do now think, that the government was right in countenancing ſuch a ſcheme, as a means of enriching

riching us, and making us a more numerous, powerful, and flouriſhing people; but this ſcheme met with oppoſition, and eſpecially the Jews being included in it, created a good deal of ferment and uneaſineſs amongſt our own people, which the government obſerving, and ſeeing the bent and inclination of the people to be againſt it, the ſcheme was dropped for fear of inconveniences, I ſuppoſe, that might ariſe if ſuch a ſcheme had been carried into execution. I would not have you think I make a miracle of every thing, but I could not help mentioning this incident, that happened in our own time, and remarking how truly they are, as well as have long been, *an aſtoniſhment*, *a proverb*, *and a bye-word*, as Moſes long ſince foretold they would be.

THE adherence of the Jews to their law ſo long, and under ſuch diſadvantages, is ſo wonderful and extraordinary, that the prohibition not to mix or intermarry with other nations, ſuppoſing it not a temporary command, will not account, in a natural way, for their being kept ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world, becauſe there is no ſuch inſtance in the world beſides, nor any thing analogous to it in the common courſe of things; this is ſtill the more ſurpriſing when it is conſidered that this very people, in Moſes's time, and many ages after, were continually running into idolatry.

IT was an obſervation of Cicero, that "Sparta "was the only city in the world that preſerved "her

" her diſcipline and laws for ſeven hundred years " unaltered and inviolate. *Qui ſoli (Lacedæmonii,* " he means) *toto orbe terrarum ſeptingentos jam* " *annos amplius unis moribus, & nunquam mutatis* " *legibus, vivunt.*" See his oration *pro Flacco*, numb. 63. The inſtitutions and policy of Lycurgus, the Spartan legiſlator, have been much admired, and yet the duration of Lycurgus's laws hath been thought wonderful; but this bears no proportion to the duration of the laws of Moſes, who is ſuppoſed to have lived three thouſand years ago. The diſperſion of the Jews hath continued ſeventeen hundred years, and this command not to intermarry with other nations, is an inſtitution in its own nature, I ſhould think, as little likely to be complied with as any that can be imagined; and yet, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages of it, they have, I believe, in general acted in obedience to it; theſe diſadvantages could not be ſo great before their diſperſion, when they were all united into one body (and a policy and government ſubſiſting amongſt them) yet they ſtill remain a people, though vagabonds and wanderers, without a king or government, without a country or home. Is there not ſomething extraordinary in this people? Are they not *an aſtoniſhment, a ſign, and a wonder?* And is not their preſent ſituation a kind of ſtanding miracle?

UPON the whole, I would leave it to your conſideration, whether the prophecies relating to the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, the evils and calamities

the

the Jews have ſuffered, their diſperſion throughout all nations, as well as their preſent ſtate and condition (of their being kept ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world) do not ſeem to be accompliſhed, and whether there is not ſome reaſon to expect that the remaining prophecy will in due time be fulfilled likewiſe, I mean that of their returning to their own land, to the land their fathers poſſeſſed.

I WOULD alſo leave it to your determination, whether, ſuppoſing the prophecies and their completions out of the caſe, the preſent ſtate of the Jews is not a ſtrange and unnatural phænomenon, and, according to the nature and common courſe of things, wholly and abſolutely unaccountable.

I MUST beg you would read the above as it is, a haſty compoſition, a rude attempt, a rough draught, or eſſay, upon a ſubject a little out of the way, begun at the requeſt of a friend, who I hope will read it with a friendly eye.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

JOSEPH WARD.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVIII.

Rev. Mr. SPENCE * to the Rev. Mr. JAMES RIDLEY †,

After the publication of the firſt four numbers of the "Tales of the Genii."

June, 1764.

WHY fluttereſt thou ſo, O my heart? And why art thou at the ſame time ſo delighted and ſo diſtreſſed?

THE rays of thy brightneſs, O Horam, the ſon of Aſmar, have penetrated my moſt retired receſſes, and

* Prebendary of Durham, &c. See letter xci. The ſcene of the holy Godric's miracles, who from an itinerant merchant turned hermit, and wore out three ſuits of iron cloaths, was latterly Mr. Spence's retreat, being part of his prebendal eſtate.

See "Anecdotes of Britiſh topography," p. 150.

† This pathetic and elegant moraliſt, eldeſt ſon of the rev. Dr. Ridley, prebendary of Saliſbury (a name now doubly endeared to Engliſhmen and Proteſtants,) died in February, 1765, a few days after the publication of the laſt number of his Genii. So generous a heart, ſuch an intimate knowledge of the powers and workings of nature, ſo ſerious and earneſt a deſire to ſerve God and mankind, with a chearful ſpirit and addreſs in conveying his inſtructions, make his loſs as great to the public as it was to his family and friends. A humorous paper, called the "Schemer," firſt publiſhed in the London Chronicle, and ſince collected into a volume, was alſo written by him.

and thy doctrines have deſcended upon me, like the dews of the morning, clad in all the colours that the ſun can give.

How ſhall I expreſs the joys that have devoured me? Or how ſhall I ſufficiently return my thanks to the moſt moral and the moſt illuminated of the ſons of men?

The poor "Derviſe of the Groves" has nothing to return but prayers; and his prayers ſhall be lifted up for thee in the evening, and in the morning, and at noon-day.

May'ſt thou continue to leap over the boundaries of nature like a roe! and riſe into the higheſt regions of ſplendor, as the eagle that delighteth in ſoaring toward the ſun!

May thy inſtructions ſink into the heart of mortals! and render them, in due time, as great and good as the immortal Genii with whom thou doſt ſo intimately converſe!

These are the prayers of Pheſoj Ecneps*, the "Derviſe of the Groves," for the moſt moral and moſt illuminated of the ſons of men.

LETTER

* Mr. Spence's name backward. See tale the ninth, entitled "Merglip the Perſian, or Pheſoj Ecneps, the Derviſe of the "Groves," (vol. ii, p. 257) in which the author has taken occaſion to commemorate, in like manner, many other friends.

LETTER CXLIX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to to the Rev. Dr. SHARP *.

DEAR SIR, Margaret-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, March 5, 1765.

——HAVE you any good reaſon for ſuppoſing Dr. Goldſmith to be the author of the *Companion to the Playhouſe* †? There are many things in it which are worth knowing, but there are alſo many miſtakes, ſeveral of which I could eaſily correct.

HE gives this account of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, in vol. i. "A tragedy by Mr. Duncombe, 8vo. "1735. This tragedy was 'not acted,' and "is 'only' a tranſlation of the Brutus of Voltaire." As it may ſerve to amuſe, I will give you the hiſtory of it.

THE author being intimately acquainted with Mr. Mills, ſenior, ſhowed this play to him in the year 1732. He told Mr. D. if he would give him leave, he would introduce it to the managers, Booth,

* See note p. 145.

† David Erſkine Baker, eſq; (ſince dead) was ſaid to be the author.

Booth, Cibber, and Wilks. He did ſo. They all approved it, and promiſed it ſhould be acted. When it was read to Booth, he ſwore that the ſcene between Brutus and Titus, in the vth act, was as pathetic as any thing he had ever heard, and regretted his not being able to perform in it. He took the play out of Mr. D's hands, and repeated that whole ſcene himſelf in his delightful manner, ſuperior to any thing we have had ſince that time. He died in May, 1733. Genteel and good-natured Wilks * read it at Mr. D's houſe in Frith-ſtreet the ſame winter. He ſhed tears at the above-mentioned ſcene. He undertook the part of Titus, and promiſed it ſhould certainly come on the next ſeaſon. He was alſo to have ſpoken the prologue. His part was actually delivered out to him to get it in the ſummer. But he too was mowed down by death before that ſeaſon came.

WHEN the author appeared before the formidable poet-laureat, Colley Cibber, he treated him juſt as a pedant would a ſcholar of the lower claſs. *Cibber*. "I think, ſir, the ſubject of your play "is Junius Brutus." The author aſſented with a nod. *Cibber*. "Then, ſir, you are to obſerve, "that, if you hope to have your play ſucceed, the "character of Brutus muſt be drawn"——Then he went on in a long harangue, which ſeemed to be ſtudied. Mr. D. once preſumed to interrupt him,

* See vol. i, p. 133.

him, ſaying, "Mr. Cibber, if you will have a "little patience, perhaps you will find that the "character of Brutus is drawn in the manner you "preſcribe." *Cibber.* "Give me leave, ſir"—and ſo went on to the end of his document. Then took three or four pinches of ſnuff, with an air of importance; flounced into his elbow-chair, and folded his arms. "Now, ſir, you may proceed." Mr. D. did proceed accordingly. The dictator often interrupted him with remarks. Moſt of them appeared ſuperficial and trifling. Some were undoubtedly juſt. Of theſe the author availed himſelf.

THE concluſion was, that Cibber agreed with his brother-managers that the play ſhould be received, and promiſed that it ſhould come on the next ſeaſon. So much for the triumvirate, and the ordeal teſt which dramatic Tyros were then obliged to undergo.

IN the year 1733, theatrical affairs were in the utmoſt confuſion, Mr. Fleetwood had purchaſed the patent. Hereupon old Mills and the chief actors deſerted him, and ſet up for themſelves at the little theatre in the Hay-market. In ſuch a ſtate of tumult and confuſion it was not thought adviſeable to hazard Brutus on the ſtage.

IN 1734 the revolting players returned to their colours, and enliſted under Mr. Fleetwood at Drury-lane. There was ſomewhat ſingular in the

the character of that gentleman. His addreſs was very genteel; he had a ſmooth oily tongue, and the utmoſt plauſibility, but not a grain of truth and ſincerity. What Milton ſays of Belial was truly applicable to this theatrical potentate:

—All was falſe and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna——

Mr. D. having been ſo often diſappointed, unadviſedly conſented to Mr. Fleetwood's propoſal of bringing Brutus on the ſtage about the middle of November. The town was then empty, the parliament not ſitting, and Farinelli juſt then appeared at the theatre in the Hay-market. The public entertained but a mean opinion of the talents of the players; and every body crowded to hear Farinelli. In ſhort, the quavering Italian eunuch proved too powerful for the rigid Roman conſul. But, notwithſtanding all theſe diſadvantages, it was acted ſix nights with applauſe, not indeed always to crowded houſes; but on the author's two-benefit nights the houſe was quite full. There was ſcarce a dry eye in the boxes during the laſt ſcene between Brutus and Titus. If the author of the "Playhouſe Dictionary" had read the play, he would have ſeen not only that it was "acted," but alſo the names of the "actors." Notwithſtanding the prevailing prejudice againſt them, it was allowed, by the beſt judges, that the parts were properly caſt, and that it was extremely well performed.

Brutus

Brutus by Mr. Mills, ſenior.
Titus, Mr. Milward.
Lucius, Mrs. Heron, who ſucceeded Mrs. Oldfield.
Hortenſia, Mrs. Pritchard.

But it was impoſſible for her to ſhine in ſuch an inferior part. The above-mentioned author ſays, "It is *only* a tranſlation from Voltaire." On the contrary, there is ſcarce a ſcene without variations from Voltaire. Tullia (or Lucia) dies at the end of the ivth act in Voltaire. In the Engliſh play there is in the vth act a pathetic ſcene between her and Titus *entirely new*. The author proceeds, "This play was printed in octavo, 1735." Here is truth, but not the whole truth. A ſecond edition, with improvements, was publiſhed in 1747. To this edition is prefixed Voltaire's "Eſſay on "tragedy," then firſt tranſlated. Both theſe editions are out of print.

THIS play was read in manuſcript and much approved by the author's particular friends, old Tom Southerne, and Mr. Hawkins Browne, each of which gentlemen honoured him with corrections and remarks.

MR. BROWNE ſuggeſted an alteration, by which the play was greatly improved, viz. the placing

placing the ſcene between Titus and Lucia before that between Brutus and Titus, as it now ſtands. *Dixi*,

Yours, &c.

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER CL.

Rev. Dr. JOHNSON * to the Rev. Dr. BERKELEY †.

Stratford in Connecticut, Nov. 1, 1771.

REV. AND MOST DEAR SIR,

I AM moſt intenſely thankful to our good God, that he hath ſo graciouſly preſerved my dear ſon § to me and his family, and us to him, through this long

* Miſſionary at Stratford, and preſident of the college at New-York. He publiſhed (at Philadelphia) in 1752, "Elementa Philoſophica, containing chiefly Noetica, or things relating to mind and underſtanding?" and "Ethica, or things relating to the moral behaviour." He died, far advanced in years, January 6, 1772. He had often wiſhed, and repeated it the morning of his departure, that he might in his death reſemble biſhop Berkeley, whom of all mankind he had moſt revered and loved, and whoſe virtues he had endeavoured to imitate in his life; and Heaven heard his prayer, for, like him, he expired ſitting up in his chair, without a ſtruggle or a groan.

† Son of biſhop Berkeley, and prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

§ William Samuel Johnſon, L. L. D. four years agent in England from the colony of Connecticut.

long abſence, and many dangers, and at laſt reſtored him to us, and given us to rejoice together in all the great goodneſs of his providence towards both him and us! And now I return my moſt cordial thanks for the great kindneſs and affection wherewith you have treated him in his abſence from us. May my God abundantly reward all your goodneſs and beneficence!

I AM much grieved for the miſcarriage of your kind anſwer to my laſt letter, wherein you opened your mind with ſo much freedom; and I could wiſh you yet to give me a ſhort recapitulation of it.—I am yet unwilling to give up all hopes of ſeeing you in America; at leaſt of your being our firſt biſhop; for then I could truſt that we ſhould ſet out upon the foot of true genuine primitive Chriſtianity. And if you be not yourſelf the man, I beg of you, throughout your whole life, ſtrongly to intereſt yourſelf in our affairs, and as far as poſſible, that we may have one or more biſhops, and that they may be true primitive Chriſtians; otherwiſe, if they are only men of this world, we are indeed better without them.

I REJOICE and bleſs God, that there is ſuch a man in theſe abandoned times as biſhop North*, and he ſo young a man too, and of a noble family too! Such an one is a Phœnix indeed!—

I deſire

* Of Litchfield and Coventry, ſecond ſon to the earl of Guildford.

I desire you (if you think fit) to give my dutiful compliments to him, and to let him know that (as I am the oldest clergyman of the church in America) I humbly beg he would pity our deplorable condition here, in being obliged to go a thousand leagues for every ordination, and use all the influence in his power, without ceasing, till we are provided with a bishop to ordain and govern the clergy here.

I EARNESTLY pray God to bless you, my dear Sir, and that most worthy lady, your mother, with your lady and dear offspring, with all the blessings of this life, and that we may at length be happy together in a better world, with your great and good father, whose precious memory I bless as my preceptor!

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your most affectionate friend and brother,

SA. JOHNSON.

APPENDIX.

THE

CHARACTER of Mrs. BRIDGET BENDISH, GRAND-DAUGHTER of OLIVER CROMWELL.

Written in 1719, on occaſion of the cloſing words of Lord CLARENDON's character of her Grandfather*.

By Mr. SAY†.

THE character of Oliver ſeems to be made up of ſo many inconſiſtencies, that I do not think any one is capable of drawing it juſtly, who was not perſonally and thoroughly acquainted with him, or, at leaſt, with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendiſh, the daughter of his ſon-in-law Ireton‡; a lady, who, as in the features of her face,

* Viz. "he will be looked upon by poſterity as a brave "wicked man."

† See note on letter iv, vol. i.

‡ Commiſſary-general Ireton married the protector's eldeſt daughter. Bridget, who, after his death, married lieutenant-general Fleetwood.

face, ſhe exactly reſembled the beſt picture of Oliver, which I have ever ſeen, and which is now at Roſe-hall, in the poſſeſſion of Sir Robert Rich, ſo ſhe ſeems alſo as exactly to reſemble him in the caſt of her mind.

A PERSON of great preſence and majeſty, heroic courage, and indefatigable induſtry; and, with ſomething in her countenance and manner, that at once attracts and commands reſpect, the moment ſhe appears in company, accuſtomed to turn her hands to the meaneſt offices, and even drudgeries of life*, among her workmen and labourers, from the earlieſt morning to the decline of day; inſenſible to all the calls and neceſſities of nature, and in a habit and appearance beneath the meaneſt of them, and neither ſuiting her character or ſex: and then immediately, after having eaten and drunk, almoſt to exceſs, of whatever is before her, without choice or diſtinction, to throw herſelf down on the next couch or bed that offers, in the profoundeſt ſleep; to riſe from it with new life and vigour; to dreſs herſelf in all the riches, and grandeur of appearance, that her preſent circumſtances, or the remains of better times, will allow her; and, about the cloſe of evening, to ride in her chaiſe, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port†, and there ſhine in converſation, and to receive the place and precedence in all company, as a lady, who once expected, at this

* Salt-works. † Yarmouth.

this time, to have been one of the firſt perſons in Europe: to make innumerable viſits of ceremony, buſineſs, or charity; and diſpatch the greateſt affairs with the utmoſt eaſe and addreſs, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroneſs of all the poor, the oppreſſed, and the miſerable in any kind; in whoſe cauſe ſhe will receive no denial from the great and the rich; rather demanding than requeſting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded, by thoſe who know her beſt, as a perſon of great ſincerity, piety, generoſity, and even profuſion of charity. And yet, poſſeſſed of all theſe virtues, and poſſeſſed of them in a degree beyond the ordinary rate, a perſon (I am almoſt tempted to ſay) of no truth, juſtice, or common honeſty; who never broke her promiſe in her life, and yet, on whoſe word no man can prudently depend, nor ſafely report the leaſt circumſtance after her.

Of great and moſt fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures, and fellow-chriſtians; and yet there is ſcarce an inſtance of impiety, or cruelty, of which perhaps ſhe is not capable.

Fawning, ſuſpicious, miſtruſtful, and jealous, without end, of all her ſervants, and even of her friends: at the ſame time that ſhe is ready to do them all the ſervice that lies in her power; affecting all mankind generally, not according to

the ſervice they are able to do *to* her, but according to the ſervice their neceſſities and miſeries demand *from* her; to the relieving of which, neither the wickedneſs of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done to herſelf in particular, are the leaſt exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

SUCH are the extravagances that have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whoſe friendſhip and reſentment I have felt by turns for a courſe of many years acquaintance and intimacy; and yet, after all theſe blemiſhes and vices, which I muſt freely own in her, he would do her, in my opinion, the greateſt injury, who ſhould ſay, *ſhe was a great wicked woman:* for all that is great and good in her, ſeems to be owing to a true magnanimity of ſpirit, and a ſincere deſire to ſerve the intereſt of God and all mankind; and all that is otherwiſe, to wrong principles, early and ſtrongly imbibed by a temperament of body, (ſhall I call it?) or a turn of mind, to the laſt degree enthuſiaſtic and viſionary.

IT is owing to this, that ſhe never hears of any action of any perſon, but ſhe immediately mingles with it her own ſentiments and judgment of the perſon, and the action, in ſo lively a manner, that it is almoſt impoſſible for her to ſeparate them after; which ſentiments therefore, and judgment, ſhe will relate thence-forwards with

with the ſame aſſurance that ſhe relates the action itſelf.

If ſhe queſtions the lawfulneſs or expediency of any great, hazardous, and doubtful undertaking, ſhe purſues the method, which, as ſhe ſays, her grandfather always employed with ſucceſs; that is, ſhe ſhuts herſelf up in her cloſet, till by faſting and prayer the vapours are raiſed, and the animal ſpirits wrought up to a peculiar ferment, by an over-intenſeneſs and ſtrain of thinking: and whatever portion of ſcripture comes into her head at ſuch a ſeaſon, which ſhe apprehends to be ſuitable to the preſent occaſion, (and whatever comes in ſuch circumſtances, is ſure to come with a power and evidence, which, to ſuch a heated imagination, will appear to be divine and ſupernatural,) thence-forward no intreaties nor perſuaſions, no force of reaſon, nor plaineſt evidence of the ſame ſcriptures alledged againſt it; no conviction of the impropriety, injuſtice, impiety, or almoſt impoſſibility of the thing can turn her from it; which creates in her a confidence and induſtry that generally attains its end, and hardens her in the ſame practice for ever. "She will truſt a friend that never deceived her." This was the very anſwer ſhe made me, when, upon her receiving a conſiderable legacy at the death of a noble relation, I urged her to ſuſpend her uſual acts of piety, generoſity, and charity, upon ſuch occaſions, till ſhe had been juſt to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the

cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for, "how," ſaid I, "if you ſhould die, "and leave ſuch a debt undiſcharged, which no "one will think himſelf obliged to pay, after "the deceaſe of a perſon from whom they "have no expectations?" She aſſured me ſhe "would never die in any one's debt.—"But how "is it poſſible you ſhould be aſſured of that, who "are for ever in debt to ſo many perſons, and "have ſo many other occaſions for your money "than diſcharging of your debts, and are reſolved "to have ſo many as long as you live?" Her anſwer was as before-mentioned.

(ADDED AFTER HER DEATH.)

AND the event juſtified her conduct; if any thing could juſtify a conduct, which reaſon and revelation muſt condemn.

SUCH was this grand-daughter of Oliver, who inherited more of his conſtitution of body, and complection of mind, than any other of his deſcendants and relations with whom I have happened to be acquainted. And I have had ſome acquaintance with many others of his grand-children; and have ſeen his ſon Richard*, and Richard's ſon Oliver †, who had ſomething

* Richard died at Cheſhunt in Hertfordſhire, July 13, 1712, aged 86.

† William Cromwell, eſq; ſon of this Oliver and great-grand ſon of the protector, died in Kirby-ſtreet, Hatton-garden,

ſomething indeed of the ſpirit of his grandfather; but all his other diſtinguiſhing qualifications ſeemed vaſtly inferior to the lady, whoſe character I have ſincerely repreſented as it has long appeared to

S. S.

ON THE

USE OF MONOSYLLABLES IN POETRY.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Eſq;

WHAT I have to offer on this ſubject may be called a vindication of our language, and of our beſt poets, who have authoriſed the uſe of monoſyllable lines by frequent examples of them, not out of choice, but becauſe they could not avoid them, between the multitude of Engliſh monoſyllables, and the reſtraint of rhyme and meaſure. Pope, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, expoſes monoſyllable verſes, that are rough; but there, and in his other poems, he is free enough in the

den, unmarried, on July 9, 1772, aged 85. Mr. Oliver Cromwell, an attorney of the Million Bank-Office, and Mr. Thomas Cromwell, now in the Eaſt Indies, ſons of Mr. Thomas Cromwell, of Snow-hill, and the protector's great-grandſons, are now the only ſurvivors of his male line.

uſe of thoſe that are ſmooth *; and ſo are Dryden †, Waller, Prior, &c. Hammond is an harmonious writer, and yet the very ſhorteſt of his Love Elegies (if I remember right) has three monoſyllable lines.

"She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how
"to ſue:"
"She is my ſaint; to her my pray'rs are
"made:
"One tear of hers is more than all my pain."

Theſe three, in a poem of thirty-ſix lines, exceed, by accident, the uſual proportion of ſuch lines, which are not above two or three in a hundred; and as for lines with but one word of more ſyllables than one, which are likewiſe blamed, you will generally meet with about five and twenty of them in every hundred. As far, therefore, as the conſtant

* As one inſtance (among many) there cannot be a ſmoother, and at the ſame time a ſtronger, line than the following, compoſed wholly of monoſyllables, in Pope's admirable elegy "On an unfortunate lady,"

"And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;

an obſervation that has lately been made, together with ſome other judicious remarks on this ſubject, in one of the Monthly Reviews.

† How ſwiftly, for inſtance, do the following lines of Dryden, ſlide off the tongue, though the firſt of them conſiſts entirely of monoſyllables, and much of the ſecond,

"The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
"To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
wood!"

conſtant practice of our moſt celebrated poets can be of weight, monoſyllable verſes are juſtified; and, to prove that they deſerve to be ſo, inſtead of being only excuſed, as ſlips and defects incident to the beſt writers, I ſhall admit what a certain author ſays, that "verſes ought to run like Ovid's, "or walk like Virgil's, and not to ſtand ſtock "ſtill like doctor Donne's;" if therefore monoſyllable lines, under proper management, can both "walk" and "run," when occaſion requires them ſo to do, nothing better can be expected from polyſyllables, by thoſe who are fondeſt of them, and this will always be the caſe, when "well-vowelled words," (as Dryden calls them) are choſen, and where there is a convenient mixture of liquids and ſhort ſyllables, though long ones will, now and then, ſerve the turn, if they open upon one another more or leſs, by beginning or ending with vowels; for which reaſon it is to be hoped that this line,

How they are lodg'd, and on what food they live*,

may be allowed to "walk," though compoſed of long monoſyllables; and this other,

One is the love in all, and one the will,

to "run," by the help of its ſhort ſyllables: the ſame

* In a tranſlation, by this writer, of book xiii. of Vaniere's "Prædium Ruſticum," (on doves) ſtyled by a late ingenious eſſayiſt,

ſame may be ſaid of the firſt line in Dryden's "Tranſlation of the Æneid,"

"Arms, and the man I ſing, who forc'd by
"fate,"

where, of ten ſyllables, five are ſhort, and more ſhort ones would be too many; the firſt foot is indeed a ſpondee, but the ſecond is a pyrrich, and the three laſt are iambics; this verſe therefore muſt neceſſarily "run," whereas the ſecond line of Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*

"Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte,"

muſt "walk," though it has one diſſyllable, and one triſſyllable; nor can it be otherwiſe, as it conſiſts of long ſyllables, viz. five ſpondees, and the communication between the words is pretty much cut off by their generally beginning and ending with conſonants. The author of *Cooper's Hill*, ſpeaking to the Thames, ſays,

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy
"ſtream, &c."

He has his wiſh, and flows like the Thames, in monoſyllables*: and, without doubt, the preju-
dice

eſſayiſt, "a long and languid production," and if ſo, (as Mr. Jeffreys elſewhere obſerves,) "Vexat cenſura columbas muſt be "the doom of his poor doves, notwithſtanding the pathetic me-"tamorphoſis with which the book concludes."

* See Mr. Hughes's Minutes for an Eſſay on Harmony, &c. in the appendix to vol. i.

dice againſt them is grounded upon the practice of our antiquated poets, who, having little help from the Latin, dealt frequently in Teutonic monoſyllables, and thoſe generally rough; and hence aroſe the conſequence *ab abuſu ad non uſum*, from rough monoſyllables, to monoſyllables as ſuch, though ever ſo ſmooth, and from the many which occur in our old Engliſh, to the very few that are required in the courſe of our modern verſification, upon any ſubject whatſoever: but, were they many more, and not offenſive to the ear, it is hard to ſay, why they ſhould he cenſured. Of the four following lines, in *Cooper's Hill*,

" Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in
" fame,
" As thine his fate, if mine had been his
" flame;
" But whoſe'er he was, nature deſign'd
" Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a
" mind,"

three are monoſyllables, and more ſmooth than the other; though indeed each of them takes up more room upon paper, if that be an objection: and now we are upon *Cooper's Hill*, we ſhall find that it has many more monoſyllable lines, in proportion to its length, than any other good poem in our language; but if, notwithſtanding its character, its authority ſhould be thought not ſufficiently

ſufficiently modern, take the following couplet from the *Hind and Panther*,

" Good life be now my taſk; my doubts are
" done;
" What more could fright my faith, than three
" in one?"

And if theſe two monoſyllable lines, ſucceeding each other, give you more diſguſt than any one of them would have done, they ſhall be turned into diſſyllables, with a proper mixture of triſſyllables and monoſyllables, merely for the ſake of variety, viz.

Goodlife benowmy taſk; my doubts aredone;
Whatmore could frightmyfaith, than threeinone?

Here your objection is entirely removed; you wanted polyſyllables, and you have them; ſo that if the lines are not rough in all ſhapes (which would be another queſtion) you are bound, upon your own principle, to be pleaſed with them. And yet, pray, why ſo? (as doctor Trapp would have ſaid) the ſyllables, in this new form, are the very ſame they were before, and follow one another in the ſame order; ſo that of neceſſity they muſt have the ſame effect upon the ear, which they had when they were all monoſyllables. Suppoſe a foreigner, acquainted with the meaſure of our poetry, but a ſtranger to our language; ſhow him the two foregoing lines, divided into their five feet, and aſk him his opinion of their harmony,

he

he will have no other way to anſwer but by conſulting his ear, without enquiring how many ſyllables they contain, or whether there are as many words as ſyllables. Again: take the ſmootheſt line, conſiſting of polyſyllables, that you can find, and, it will continue ſmooth if you divide it into monoſyllables; and a rough line of monoſyllables will be equally rough, when you have turned them into polyſyllables. I have dwelt the longer on this argument, as, I think, it places the queſtion in that point of light which amounts to a demonſtration; and proves that the objection againſt monoſyllable lines is imaginary, as it is grounded on a diſtinction without a difference. The moſt galloping of all meaſures is an hexameter of dactyls,

Pulverulenta|putrem|ſonitu|quatit|ungula|campum.

And you may compoſe ſuch another, when you pleaſe, of Engliſh monoſyllables, viz.

Whīle ŏn ă|plaīn wĕ trĭp|līt, by ă|grōve, ŏr ă|ſtrēam, ŏr ă|grēen hīll.

Something like this occurs in the meaſure of ſome of our ballads, when they gallop away in monoſyllables,

"When young at the bar, you firſt taught me
"to ſcore,
"And bade me be free of my lips, and no more."

UPON the whole, it ſeems clear, from what has been laid down, that monoſyllables, or polyſyllables, are not the queſtion, but harmony, or diſſonance; no modern verſificator can have occaſion for monoſyllable lines, except it be now and then; and when he has occaſion, it will be no hard matter for him to ſecure their harmony by the quantity, the ſound, and the ſituation of his ſyllables; after which, he will be in a fair way of carrying his point, by appealing from the reader's eye to his ear.

To Mr. POPE.

Occaſioned by reading Mr. ADDISON's account of the greateſt Engliſh poets.

By CHARLES Earl of MIDDLESEX*,
At the age of eighteen.

IF all, who have invok'd the tuneful nine,
In Addiſon's majeſtic ſtrains ſhould ſhine,
Why then does Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell,
Remain unſung, who ſings himſelf ſo well?
Attend, great bard, who can'ſt alike inſpire
With Waller's ſoftneſs, or with Milton's fire,
Whilſt I, the meaneſt of the muſes throng,
To thy juſt praiſes tune th' advent'rous ſong.
How

* Late duke of Dorſet.

How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals mix'd ſuſtain the fight!
Like Milton then, though in more poliſh'd ſtrains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the ſmoaking plains.
What though archangel 'gainſt archangel arms,
And higheſt heaven reſounds with dire alarms,
Does not the reader with like dread ſurvey
Th' embattled gods repuls'd with foul diſmay?
But when ſome fair one guides his ſofter verſe,
Her charms, her matchleſs features to rehearſe,
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in ſmoother numbers charm.
When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, thy fruitleſs toil give o'er,
For ſtill king Tibbald ſcribbles as before;
Poor Shakeſpear ſuffers by his pen each day,
Whilſt Grub-ſtreet alleys own his lawful ſway.

Now turn, my muſe, thy quick poetic eyes,
And view gay ſcenes and opening proſpects riſe!
Hark! how his ruſtic numbers charm around,
Whilſt groves to groves and hills to hills reſound;
The herds and flocks ſtand liſt'ning while he ſings,
And birds attentive cloſe their uſeleſs wings;
The nymphs and ſhepherds trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenſer is reviv'd again.
But when once more the rapt'rous poet ſung,
The words ſmooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
Raviſh'd they gaze, and ſtruck with wonder ſay,
" Spenſer ne'er ſung ſo ſweet a roundelay.

Sure

" Sure once again Eliza glads our iſle,
" That thus propitiouſly the muſes ſmile!"
O why d' ye gaze, why all this wonder, ſwains?
'Tis Pope that ſings, while Carolina reigns.

But ceaſe, my muſe, thy awkward verſe betrays
Thy want of ſkill, nor ſhows the poet's praiſe;
Ceaſe then, and leave ſome abler bard to tell
How Pope in every ſtrain can write, in every ſtrain excel!

Oxford, 1729.

The following verſes were written by Mr. JEFFREYS, in the name of a Wincheſter ſcholar, and are therefore not inſerted in his works. He was then 72.

To his R. H. GEORGE Prince of WALES, On the death of his FATHER, 1751.

ACCEPT, illuſtrious prince, the muſe's tear;
For Wykeham's muſe, though tardy, is ſincere;
And pierc'd by grief ſhe never felt before,
By ſtifling it ſo long, has made it more:
But if companions in diſtreſs impart
Relief and comfort to the throbbing heart,
If many lighten pain which many ſhare,
Divide the burden, and deceive the care,

That

That ſolace we beyond example find,
With millions in the common ſorrow join'd;
The common ſorrow to our loſs is due,
The loſs is common and the ſorrow true.
Funeral black maintains the pomp of woe,
But oft the feeling ends before the ſhow;
A wider compaſs ſhall our mourning take,
And when the dreſs is chang'd the wound will ach;
Succeeding years will the ſad tale repeat,
And heavy hearts beneath gay habits beat.
"O early loſt!" dejected Britain cries;
And "early loſt!" her ambient ſea replies:
The ſea, the land their patron-prince lament,
Alike on commerce and on arts intent;
The muſe's labours by his ſmiles were crown'd,
And him a friend ev'n want and merit found;
The doleful cries of ſuppliant want to ſtill,
Large was his power, but larger was his will.

Thus far my ſong, inſpir'd by love alone,
To ſooth your wailings, has indulg'd my own;
But though our eyes, with waking anguiſh red,
O'erflow in deep affliction for the dead;
And, unprepar'd for ſo ſevere a ſhock,
We ſtruck at once upon the lurking rock,
The balm of time ſhall miniſter relief,
And you, who more than ſhare, ſhall heal the grief;
Your ſwift advances into man ſhall raiſe
The drooping muſe to ſtrains of joy and praiſe.
And when, matur'd by George's royal care,
You know to wield the ſceptre you ſhall bear,

The

The ſceptre, nature for your ſire deſign'd,
(Fair was his proſpect, but his fate unkind)
The bliſs our better ſtars reſerve for you,
Shall give us back your ſire and grandſire too;
The fruits of commerce ſhall exalt our iſle;
You ſhall be great, and your Auguſta ſmile.
So when the riſing ſun the day renews,
The weeping flowers are hung with pearly dews,
'Till, climbing by degrees the ſouthern ſkies,
Aurora's tears on nature's face he dries;
His ſtronger influence gives the grape to flow,
The gem to ſparkle, and the ſpice to blow.

END OF VOL. II.

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